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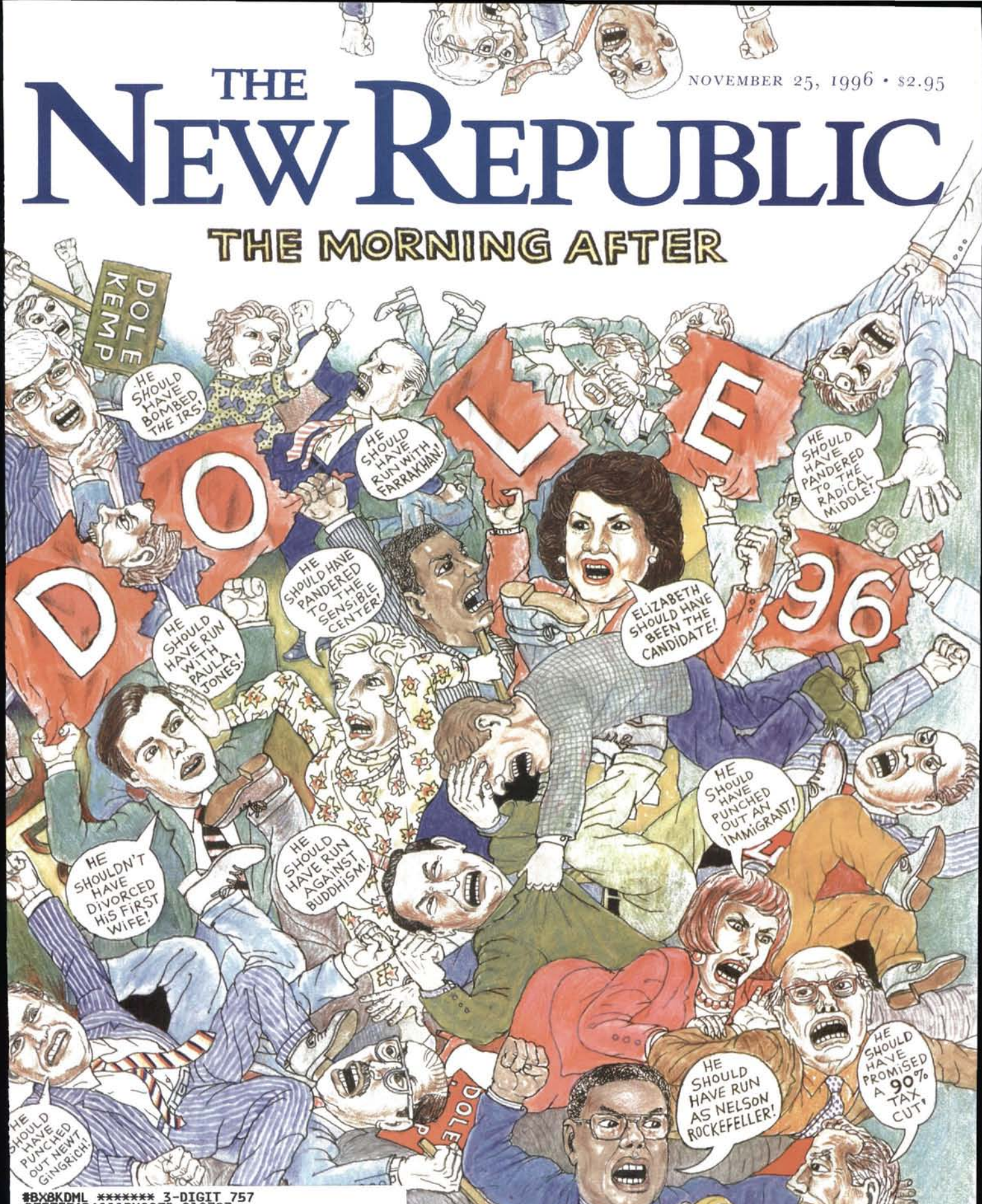
THE MORNING AFTER


DOLE KEMP
HE SHOULD HAVE BOMBED THE IRS!
HE SHOULD HAVE RUN WITH FARRAKHAN!
HE SHOULD HAVE PANDERED TO THE RADICAL MIDDLE!
DOLE 96
HE SHOULD HAVE PANDERED TO THE SENSIBLE CENTER!
ELIZABETH SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE CANDIDATE!
HE SHOULD HAVE RUN WITH PAULA JONES!
HE SHOULD HAVE PUNCHED OUT AN IMMIGRANT!
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE DIVORCED HIS FIRST WIFE!
HE SHOULD HAVE RUN AGAINST BUDDHISM!
HE SHOULD HAVE PUNCHED OUT NEWT GINGRICH!
HE SHOULD HAVE RUN AS NELSON ROCKEFELLER!
HE SHOULD HAVE PROMISED A 90% TAX CUT!

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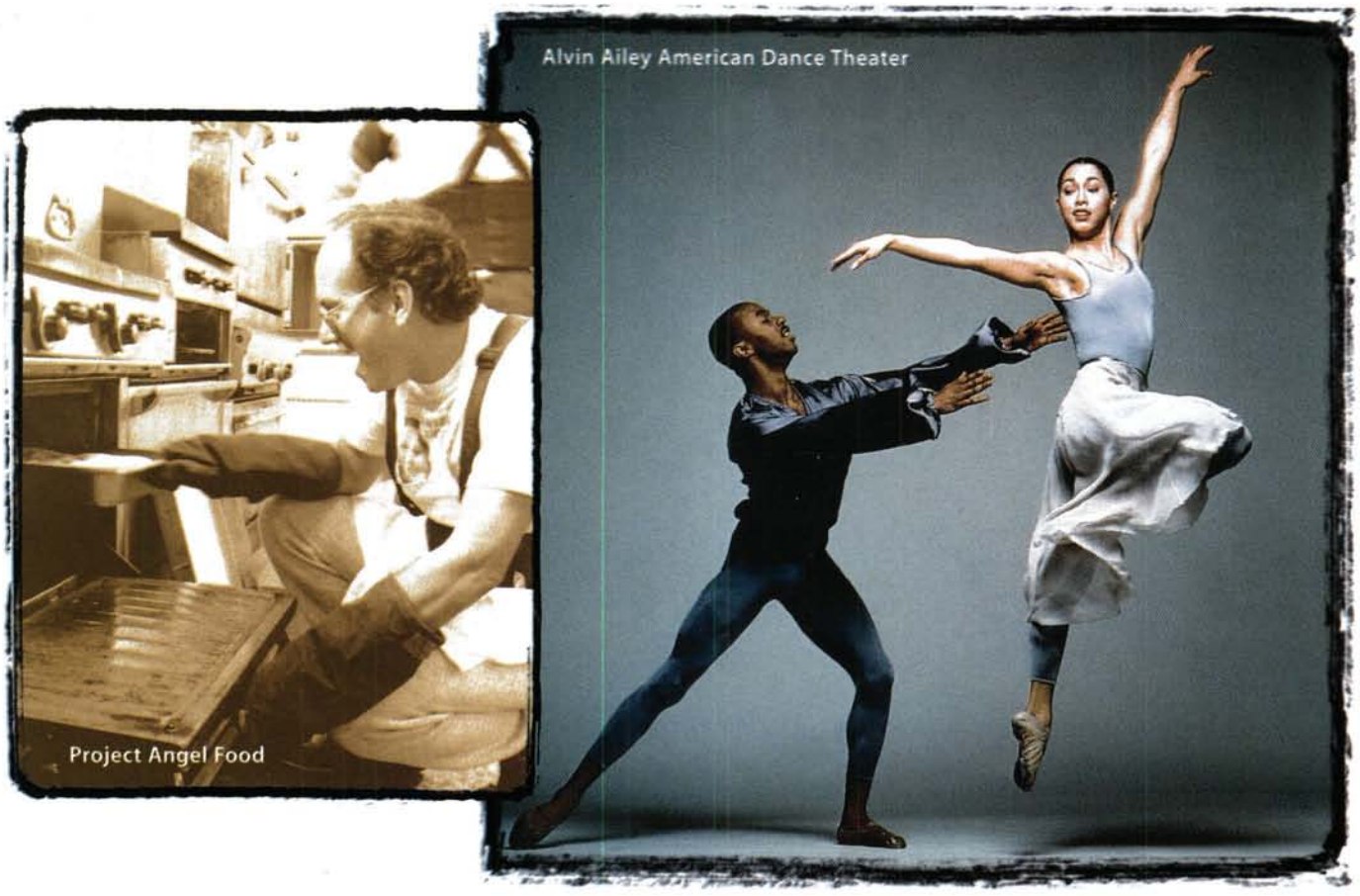

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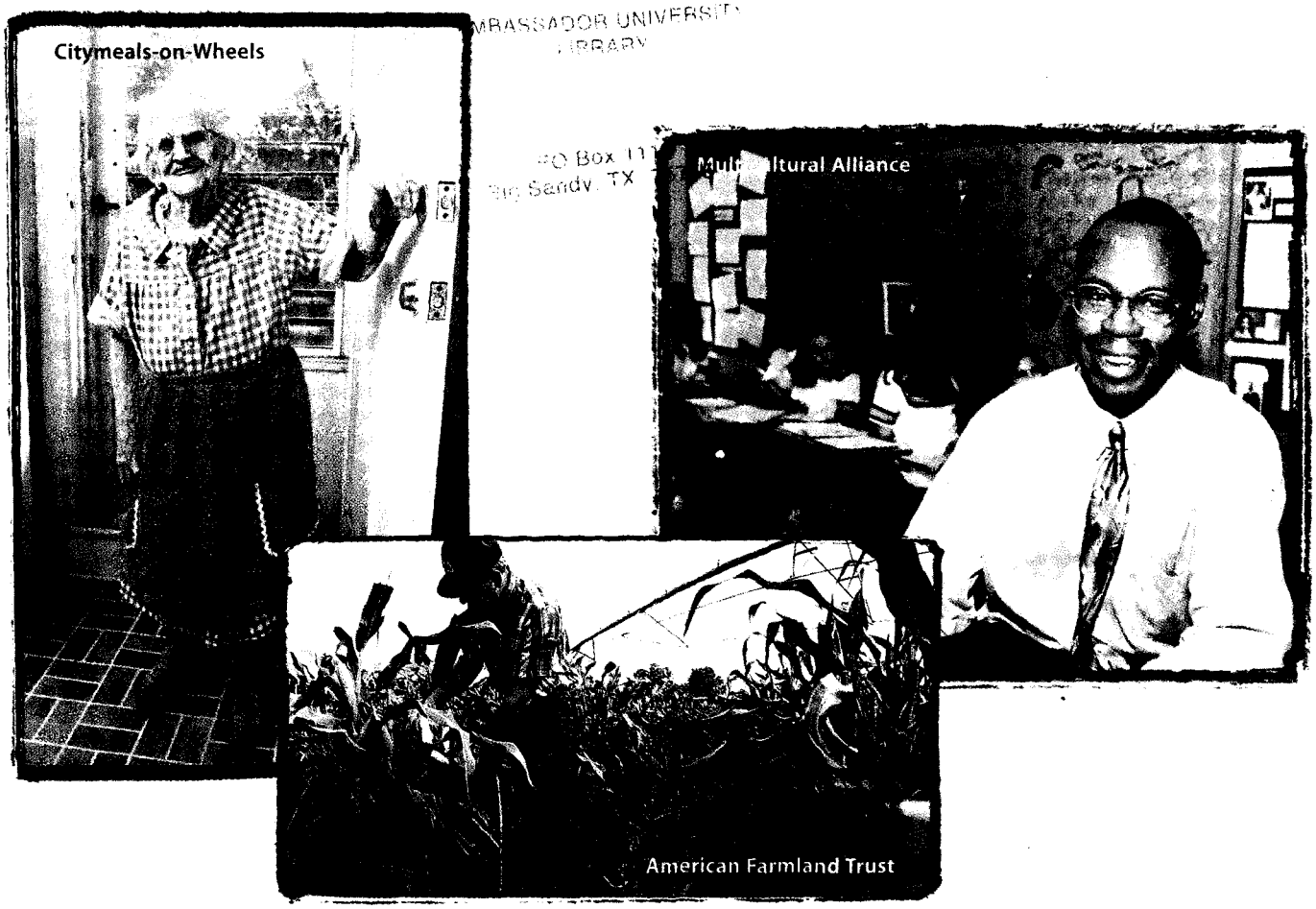

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FROM WASHINGTON

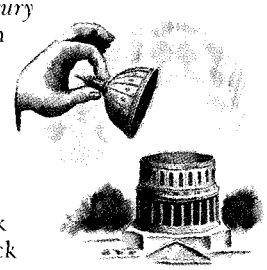
Just say no

Remember the hellish ghetto crack house in Spike Lee's film *Jungle Fever*? The director populated the scene with the gaunt forms of white users, sucking grimly on their glass pipes. Lee was trying to remind his audience that, media stereotypes notwithstanding, there is nothing exclusively "black" about drug abuse. And he had a point. Blacks have indeed suffered disproportionately from crack addiction and the attendant violent crime. But in absolute numbers the majority of drug users in this country have always been white. Crack—a follow-up to the "free-basing" phenomenon that swept the wealthy white precincts of Southern California in the late '70s and early '80s—has addicted many more whites than blacks.

Or maybe that's just what the CIA wants us to believe. After all, no less a source than *The San Jose Mercury News* has revealed that Nicaraguans working for the CIA introduced crack into the ghetto of South-Central Los Angeles in the mid-'80s as part of a scheme to finance the contras—even if it meant devastation for black America. So forget such obvious questions as why the agency would have decided to carry out its genocidal plan by means of a substance that wreaked so much havoc among whites, too. Forget Spike Lee's plea for a more balanced view of crack's racial impact. Jesse Jackson, Dick Gregory, Representative Maxine Waters and Baltimore Mayor Kurt Schmoke have all called for an investigation into the charges. So has General Barry McCaffrey, President Clinton's drug czar. CIA Director John Deutch said he knew of no evidence to support the *Mercury News*'s claims but ordered his inspector general, Fred Hitz, to get to the bottom of the matter, anyway. The Senate Intelligence Committee, under chairman Arlen Specter, has already held hearings on it, and is promising more.

Some conspiracy theories at least touch on enough elements of plausible wrongdoing to merit investigation. O.J. was not framed by racists in the LAPD, but the Mark Fuhrman tapes certainly suggested the need for another look at that department. About a third of the probable perpetrators in the recent church burnings are black; but the presence of a couple of Klansmen among the suspects, together with the frightening echoes of the '60s and the fact that it was disproportionately black churches getting torched constituted adequate grounds for federal scrutiny.

The notion of a CIA plot to finance the contras and kill blacks with crack, on the other hand, is illogical on its face. And, as it turns out, the evidence for it is nonexistent. An October 4 *Washington Post* article debunking the *Mercury News* piece pointed out, among other things, that drug kingpin "Freeway Rick" Ross—the key figure in the *Mercury News*'s account—had been selling crack in Los Angeles for four years before he even met Oscar Danilo Blandon Reyes, the Nicaraguan contra supporter the *Mercury News* calls "the Johnny Appleseed of crack in California." Not even Jack Blum, the cabal-seeking former investigator for Senator John Kerry's contra-drug subcommittee during the late '80s, buys the *Mercury News*'s conspiracy theory. The *Mercury News* and Gary Webb, the author of the three-part series, now say they never intended to charge the CIA with a deliberate plan to target blacks. This may be true, strictly speaking, but it sounds pretty disingenuous given the insinuating language of Webb's piece ("the [contra] financiers ... met with CIA agents both before and during the time they were selling the drugs in L.A.") and the paper's sensationalistic choice of illustration for the Internet version of the piece—a CIA emblem superimposed over a photo of a black man smoking crack. Conceding error, the paper has now withdrawn this graphic.



So what's left, exactly, to investigate? Well, perhaps, in its anti-Communist zeal, the CIA did turn a blind eye to drug trafficking by its Central American agents and associates. But the "blind eye" scenario, which was thoroughly explored in the Senate investigation led by Blum and Kerry won't be any easier to trace now, after the evidence has had another decade to get cold. Anyway, the charge mainly reflects naïveté about the inherent tradeoffs of criminal justice and intelligence-gathering. Every day, law enforcement types stand by and observe drug deals in progress, in order to gather evidence that can be used for later busts. Every day they strike plea bargains to let smaller-time drug dealers go free in order to procure their testimony against bigger fish. From Korea to Kabul, American intelligence agencies have done much the same thing in the pursuit of missions given them by policymakers. The fixation on contra drug dealing suggests that what really bothers the critics is not the agency's dubious moral tradeoffs, but rather the objective—getting rid of the Sandinistas—invoked to justify them.

Besides, if there were a CIA conspiracy to commit crack-genocide, would the conspirators have left a paper trail for Fred Hitz to follow? No CIA, or even "independent," investigator can ever lay these allegations to rest. Any findings will immediately be attacked as part of an ever-widening cover-up. Remember how the JFK conspiracy buffs reacted to the "independent" Warren Commission? Deutch, Specter and company know this. They just figure the heat will be easier to deflect if they can at least claim to have done due diligence. But there are costs to this charade—and they are not limited to the millions of tax dollars that will be wasted. The crack sideshow diverts attention and resources from truly necessary reforms in the post-cold war intelligence apparatus, even as countless workaday civil servants—the real people behind what Maxine Waters calls "Mr. CIA"—have to sweat out lie-detector tests and hire lawyers in the futile effort to placate investigators.

And society as a whole pays a price every time obvious lies and crankery are legitimized by the earnest attention of senior government officials and leading newspapers. This is a cost to which the black community is especially vulnerable. Waters, Jackson and company are not only manipulating the understandable sorrow and frustration of people who have suffered cruelly from the drug epidemic. They are insulting their intelligence by papering over the complexities of the drug crisis.

But, then, the propagators of the CIA-crack conspiracy are not particularly concerned with getting at the truth. Still less are they concerned with practical remedies for government misfeasance. Rather, they are intent on tearing down the legitimacy of government institutions in order to build up their own short-term political prospects. Perhaps it's too late now to stop the pointless CIA-crack investigations. But next time an accusation as patently bogus as this one comes along, accompanied by a not-so-spontaneous clamor for an investigation, let's hope government officials have the courage to just say no.

CHARLES LANE

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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CORRESPONDENCE

Face facts

To the editors:

Regarding "The True Disadvantage" (October 28): Joe Klein's distaste for quantitative analysis and affection for folksier analysis makes for good writing, but they seem to have let him ignore a simple logical principle: difference can only be explained by difference. If we have three classes, say, and we subject all of them to the same change, that change cannot explain differences between the three. Thus, the culture of affluence, which pervades America, simply cannot be used to explain poverty or its concomitant behaviors. William Julius Wilson may be wrong, but at least his position, unlike Klein's, is not logically invalid on its face.

ROBERT T. FANCHER
New York, New York

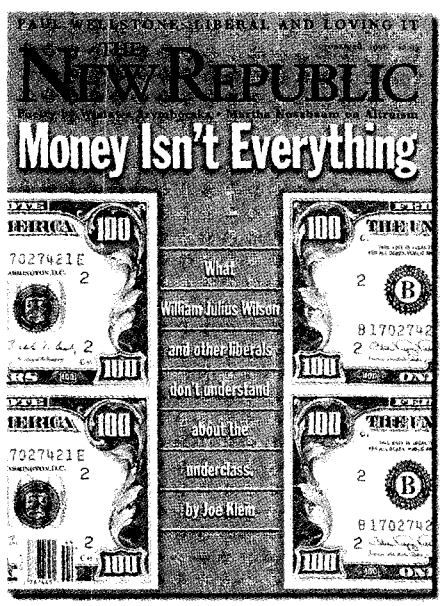
Risk management

To the editors:

As John B. Judis says in "Bare Minimum" (October 28), under the Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974 (ERISA) insurance companies can be sued if they invest pension funds in "risky ventures." Judis regrets that the Small Business Job Protection Act of 1996 provides insurance companies some protection against such litigation.

Sounds sensible, until you consider what the phrase "risky venture" means when applied to investing, especially in today's legal environment. There is no such thing as a "venture" or investment that is in no way "risky." If companies and employees want to minimize risk, they can of course put their funds into U.S. government securities. When pension fund managers turn to an insurance company or any other investment adviser, it is because they are seeking a higher return, and, unless they happen to be fools, they understand that this entails the risk of a low return or outright loss. If an investment has, say, a 90 percent chance of making a 25 percent annual return and a 10 percent chance of incurring a negative return, it might be prudent for a pension fund manager to put a portion of a pension fund's assets there. What happens under ERISA is that the pension fund manager is certain to sue the insurance company whenever his investments end up in the unlucky 10 percent. Even if he knows that this isn't really a decent procedure, since the insurance company doesn't confiscate his profits on the many occasions when his investments finish in the lucky 90 percent, he must try to recover his losses through the courts to remain competitive with other pension fund managers who sue under ERISA when their investments lose. Of course the insurance companies raise their fees to take this into account, and the net effect is a big zero-sum game, except for the lawyers, who gain, and the pension funds, which lose.

Insurance companies would like to be able to lower the management fees they charge in order to be more competitive. As Judis indicates, the real aim of this part of the Small Business Protection Act was to provide a bit of tort reform for some large businesses. Thanks to the wealth and eloquence of trial lawyers, all



frontal assaults on the litigation explosion in America have so far failed; only disguised and minor reforms like this one have been implemented. There is a real danger that we will reach a point where it is simply impossible to do anything fundamental about the problem, a point where lawyers have become as wealthy and numerous as businessmen, while remaining much more adept at appealing to the political sentiments of most Americans.

PETER J. HANSEN
Walpole, New Hampshire

To the editors:

John Judis states that the insurance industry lobbied Congress to pass the ERISA Clarification Act, which modified the Supreme Court's *Harris Trust* decision, because "for two decades insurance companies have tried to convince the courts that they shouldn't be subject to ERISA." This hyperbole is worthy of a political attack ad, and about as accurate.

As an insurance company lawyer who has spent many hours over the last decade on ERISA matters, I have never met anyone who thought that life insurance companies shouldn't be subject to ERISA. Pension funds have long invested huge amounts of money in life insurance company vehicles known as separate accounts and advisory accounts, and ERISA unquestionably has always applied to these investments. The ERISA Clarification Act did nothing to change this.

The *Harris Trust* case and the ERISA Clarification Act dealt with one narrow class of transactions. Even the transactions excluded from general ERISA requirements by the ERISA Clarification Act are still subject to extensive state insurance regulation.

JAY WEISER
New York, New York

A good death

To the editors:

History's verdict may be that Bob Dole embraced the supply siders to take them with him, his final service in national politics ("Cut Bait," The Editors, October 28). Probably not, but his death grip on tax-cut politics is nonetheless a public service. Let's not have him renounce this nonsense now, when his defeat will help us inter a particularly pernicious politics.

I will lay ten to one right now that neither Jack Kemp nor Steve Forbes nor any other supply sider can get the nomination in 2000. I will also bet that those Republican politicians who do not believe any part of the tax-cut politics but use it cynically—maybe most of them—will be really careful about their promises in the future, for a while anyway. More politicians who promise to keep on reducing interest on the federal debt as a percent of GDP a little bit each year, as is now going on, are going to be heard.

Bob Dole's death grip is a good death grip.

DONALD D. MCCUAIG
San Antonio, Texas

Media buy

To the editors:

Alec Rooney (Correspondence, October 28) is outraged that all members of the "cool, pop media" are not Republicans, and, horrors, some may even admit to being liberals. Pity Mr. Rooney did not stay in the media business long enough to learn something about the "mainstream, a.k.a. liberal media."

Some factoids: ABC was recently sold by Cap Cities to Disney; NBC belongs to General Electric; and the most recent headrollings at CBS took place after the

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Tisch family sold the network to Westinghouse. These corporations do not quite represent a revolutionary vanguard.

New York is the most liberal city in the country. It has four daily newspapers: the moderate Sulzberger *Times*, the rightist Zuckerman *Daily News*, the hysterical Dow Jones *Wall Street Journal*, and the Murdoch *New York Post*, the local outlet for the Republican National Committee.

Talk radio is conceded as the stronghold of the inflammatory, often racist right, with, in some sections of the nation, a heavy dosage of religious conservatives.

Add magazines, think tanks, foundations, weeklies and advocacy publishing houses, mix and serve to Rooney to relieve his apoplexy.

SAUL ROSEN
New York, New York

Black like me

To the editors:

Imagine my shock and dismay upon reading Cinque Henderson's reluctant eulogy of Tupac Shakur ("Split Personality," October 7) and learning—after three decades of reinforced self-deception—that I am not black after all. I am missing two defining criteria. According to Henderson, "Every black family has a male relative (at least one) who knows what the inside of a prison looks like"; i.e., every black person in America either is, and/or is kin to, a (black) convict—a "fact" he attributes without explanation to the purported newness of the phenomenon of the black middle class. In addition, "Everyone black knows someone like Tupac Shakur," whom Henderson describes as "a misogynist and a convicted rapist" who felt " 'like an evil force had wrapped itself around [him] and wouldn't let ... go.' " Where, one has to wonder, does Henderson obtain his misinformation: Klan pamphlets, the Cincinnati Reds front office, *The Bell Curve* ... where?

There is no denying the immense and tragic toll that violence has taken on the black community (to the extent that this idealistic concept remains viable), in terms of the suffering of primary victims of black-on-black violence, the fear and paralysis that violence spreads throughout the community, and the loss to the community (indeed, the nation and the world) of potential contributors to civil society in the persons of the perpetrators. Indeed, it may even be fair to say that "all blacks" are "touched" by the violence which occurs in America's black ghettos—even if only indirectly or in the abstract. Comments such as Henderson's tend to ensure the verity of such a statement by casting a collective taint on all African Americans. That the problem of violence in "Black America" is widespread and has far-reaching secondary consequences, however, is no defense to the charge of reckless overstatement. The most damaging lies are so because they are constructed around a kernel of truth and are thus susceptible to belief by the uninformed.

Henderson apparently believes that his combined "credentials" of being black and having been reared in "the projects" vest him with the authority to make facile generalizations about Americans of African ancestry, the likes of which have won people like Jimmy the Greek, Al Campanis and Marge Schott intense public impugnment. I, for one, must object.

There are no hoodlums, rapists, misogynists or convicts among this African American's relatives or regular acquaintances, and no thoughtful person would suggest we are any "less black" for it—just all the more proud. What's more, plenty of black folks I know, and plenty more I don't, can say the same. Henderson should do us all a favor, then, and cease pretending to speak for "everyone black": he doesn't and he can't. In fact, no one can; for, in spite of the popular tendency to lump us all together, we are not a monolith. This brand of generalizing is no less troubling and offensive coming from a black writer. On the contrary, it is only the more painful and disconcerting to behold. You'd think a brother would know better.

JULIAN A. HAYWOOD
Brooklyn, New York

False equality

To the editors:

Thank you for the example of leftist perspective as presented in "House of Cards" (October 28). Gershom Gorenberg blames Benjamin Netanyahu for everything and absolves the Palestinians of any responsibility. He excuses Palestinian violence due to "the perception of Jewish threat to the mosques" without mentioning that this "threat" was officially induced into the Arab population by the false and instigating canards of Arafat and his media organs.

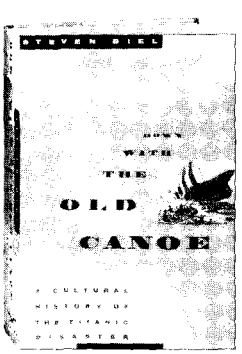
"... [C]ops and Muslim worshippers clashed after prayers" is his description of the Temple Mount-Western Wall violence. Cops clashed with worshippers, not, according to him, with rioters or rock-throwers at Jewish worshippers. Of course, he does not consider who initiated the violence, thereby establishing a false equality.

TOVIE L. ROME
New York, New York

STEVEN BIEL

DOWN WITH THE OLD CANOE

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE TITANIC DISASTER



"Steven Biel's masterful cultural analysis of the *Titanic* disaster is brimming over with wit and insight... What you will find here is sometimes funny, often outlandish, and always fresh and fascinating."—Dan Rather

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

NOVEMBER 25, 1996

DOMESTIC ABUSE

Long after the parties have ended in Little Rock and Bob Dole has finally gotten some shut-eye at the Watergate, allegations that the Democrats ran a corrupt campaign will continue to hover around this otherwise tepid election. After all, it was only in the campaign's final days—with revelations about foreign money sent to the Democratic National Committee—that the moribund contest took on a faint hint of drama.

So did the Democrats run a corrupt campaign? Sure, but that's not the only relevant question. Remember that the would-be white hats in this race were the Senior Senator from the State of Ethanol, and Ross Perot, whose only Reform Party primary resembled a city council race in Palermo. The relevant question is whether the president ran an *exceptionally* corrupt campaign. Was Bob Dole right that the Clinton campaign broke new ground by taking foreign money?

No matter how many times the Republicans scream Huang, Riady, Gandhi and Liu, they can't make a convincing case that foreign money itself was the problem. Taking donations from foreign sources is illegal, and this is what Clinton fund-raiser John Huang did when he got $250,000 from a South Korean company. But would the Clinton campaign have been purer if Huang had legally shaken down the firm's American subsidiary? To designate multinational corporations, with customers, employees and stockholders around the world, as foreign or domestic, reveals little about their political interests. The more important issue is what the contributors got for their money, and whether the transaction was openly disclosed.

There is as yet no evidence either that the Riady family swayed U.S. foreign policy toward Indonesia or that alleged would-be donors in Taiwan had any effect on America's China policy. The Clinton administration did initially consider imposing trade sanctions on Indonesia for its denial of workers' rights and then reversed itself. Huang, a senior executive of a Lippo-owned bank before joining the Commerce Department, attended meetings at which the issue was discussed, and his former employer, Lippo scion James Riady, may very well have lobbied administration officials against the penalty. But there is no hard evidence that Riady and Huang's fund-raising made the difference. Indeed, if anyone swayed Ron Brown and Mickey Kantor it was probably the "American" multinationals that wanted to export to the growing Indonesian market. As International Labor Rights Fund head Pharis Harvey said of Lippo, "They would have had to get in line behind U.S. corporate money."

And the alleged efforts by Clinton officials to hit up rich Taiwanese? If unofficial ambassador to Taiwan James Wood used his position to solicit campaign money, which he denies, he compromised America's integrity abroad. The heads of any Clinton officials who condoned such behavior should roll. But as of yet, there is no evidence that money changed hands, let alone that it influenced U.S. foreign policy.

Where the Clintonites may indeed have hit a new low is disclosure. As with every past Clinton scandal, the campaign finance violations themselves seem less noxious than the dishonest and cynical way in which they have been handled. The Clinton campaign claims it has publicly returned several improper donations this election year, but *The New York Times* could not find a single instance of them having done so prior to the press revelations about John Huang and company. The Democratic National Committee admits it abandoned the standard check campaigns usually perform on large donors, so it had no internal procedure for finding and returning improper gifts. And in another dramatic break from traditional practice, the DNC initially decided not to file its final fund-raising report with the Federal Election Commission.

When these stories came to light, DNC Chairmen Chris Dodd and Don Fowler shamelessly trotted out little known Executive Director B.J. Thornberry, who only started in March, to take "full responsibility" for both the scrapping of donor screens and the non-filing of the fund-raising report. Dodd and Leon Panetta conveniently let reporters know how upset they were that the report had not been filed. John Huang has gone into hiding.

And Bill Clinton himself hasn't answered the charges, except to reiterate support for voluntary spending limits—which he didn't push when it might have mattered in 1993. He also rewarded his generous resident alien friends by proposing they be stripped of their right to give. This president has been hailed in recent weeks for his extraordinary capacity to learn. Yet he's responding to this scandal just as he did to Whitewater four years ago: he's stonewalling. And once again, it's with his stonewalling that the investigations should begin. •

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ELECTION NOTEBOOK

DEVOLUTION: Before we gloat over the still-warm bodies of the nine or so feisty freshmen who lost their seats on November 5, we should pause to make the finer distinctions. Many of the losers were the more moderate, elected in a fluke two years ago by grumbling Democrats. Peter Blute and Peter Torkildsen, both of Massachusetts, each voted with the AFL-CIO one-third of the time. Michael Flanagan, who unseated Dan Rostenkowski, was the only Republican not to vote for the party's budget. Most were toppled as part of a clever NARAL strategy to target moderate and suburban districts and run ads reminding voters of the incumbents' anti-abortion votes, which the candidates themselves had been anxious to keep hidden. The strategy worked, but had the unintentional Darwinian effect of weeding out all but the most perfected species of flapping-jawed freshman. Stay tuned for more black helicopters.

BROKEN RECORD: The line on gut-your-opponent strategist Arthur Finkelstein, who helped elect superconservative superstars Jesse Helms, Al D'Amato, Lauch Faircloth, Don Nickles and Connie Mack, is that he is ruthless but effective. Well, this time, as McGruff would say, crime didn't pay. In almost every case where Finkelstein tried his trademark liberal plus superlative strategy, the candidate lost: New Jersey's Dick Zimmer, Rhode Island's Nancy Mayer and Minnesota's Rudy Boschwitz. Even South Dakota's Larry Pressler went down—the only Republican incumbent to lose a Senate seat. And New Hampshire's Robert Smith barely squeezed through. Perhaps the strongest evidence of Finkelstein's misreading of the electorate is Paul Wellstone's victory. The Minnesota race wasn't even close, despite the fact that Wellstone proudly accepted his scarlet "L." Even voters who didn't agree with his vote against welfare reform decided they could trust him. The not-so-left-wing *Faribault Daily News* argued that Wellstone would balance out "far right conservatives in other states." And added: "If that is Minnesota's cross to bear for the next six years, so be it."

RATHER BLATHER II: One of the charms of election night coverage continues to be Dan Rather's propensity for the bizarre turn-of-phrase. Here's our 1996 round-up of choice Rather-isms.

- "It's roll tide, roll, in Alabama for the Dole people. Some thought this was the dirtiest, smelliest campaign ever, that the stench was strong enough to choke a buzzard."
- "After giving you Mr. Map, we're going live to Little Rock."
- "If Republicans hold on to the Senate, President Clinton will have to do mucho business with Pete Domenici."
- "We may see Michael Jackson's baby before we see the final outcome for the House."
- "Now the question is, are the Democrats gonna dance the mandate macarena?"
- "This race is hot and tight as a too-tight bathing suit on a too-long car ride back to the beach."
- "We'll be back to continue CBS' coverage of election night, 1966."

OUT THERE IN THE OUTBACK: In Alaska's Senate race, Republican incumbent Ted Stevens pulled out an expected landslide victory over what many referred to as "token" challengers. When it came to one of those challengers, Theresa Obermeyer, "token" was perhaps too kind. A former Anchorage school board member, Obermeyer could be more accurately described as, well, a single-issue type. She spent the campaign haranguing Stevens for masterminding her husband's failure to pass the bar exam—over twenty times. She also accused Stevens of arranging to put her in jail—she spent twenty-nine days in jail this summer after being arrested a second time on charges of disturbing the peace at Alaska's federal court building. The night of their debate, the local television crew brought in the police just in case things got ugly. The debate remained calm, but at one point Obermeyer demanded, "Could you respond sir, or do you have Alzheimer's?" when Stevens declined to say why he accused her of stalking him. Later, he explained that she followed him from venue to venue "asking me a stupid question about your husband's failure to pass the bar." Finally, he implored her to "go find some help." Bob Dornan almost had a soulmate.

SILVER LINING: We are thankful for the election of University of North Carolina political scientist David Price to the House of Representatives. Price unseated Fred Heineman, who, as you may remember, last year argued that his $133,600 congressional salary, plus a $50,000 annual police pension, qualified him for the "lower middle class." (The middle class, he explained, earns between $300,000 and $750,000 a year.) We are also thankful for Jeanne Shaheen, New Hampshire's first female governor, who trounced State Board of Education Chair Ovide Lamontagne, whose civic-minded plans included restoring creationism to public school curricula. Democrat Shaheen is far from the tax-and-spend liberal of Lamontagne's ads: she pledged that the state would remain income and sales tax-free and ran on a platform of offering statewide kindergarten and lowering electric rates.

LOCK IN: After a campaign in which—thanks to the Riadys and the Gandhis and the Buddhists—"Asian" became the year's most fashionable pejorative, it was heartening to witness Gary Locke's landslide victory in

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Washington's gubernatorial contest. The win made Locke the country's first Asian American governor on the mainland, and also held off self-described "Christian radical" Ellen Craswell. The son of an immigrant Chinese grocer, Locke grew up poor in a housing project, attended Yale and Boston University Law School, and became a powerful, pro-business county executive and state legislator. In winning, Locke openly supported same-sex marriages and abortion rights, and appealed to a base that included both minorities and white conservatives. It's nice to see that sensible social liberalism and coalition building aren't altogether quaint notions.

CRY BABIES: A candidate's true character sometimes comes out in the waning day of his campaign, or in that real moment of truth—the concession speech. Among the least gracious of this year's losers was Representative Dan Frisa of New York. Invisible for days before the election, he was finally dragged to the surface Tuesday night after he lost to Carolyn McCarthy. Combatively reluctant to concede, Frisa accused McCarthy, whose husband was killed in the Long Island Railroad massacre, of playing dirty in the campaign. Asked for elaboration, he told reporters "well, you know...." Just before he disappeared, Frisa mailed out an official-looking card marked as "N.Y.S. Election Law," which explained that McCarthy was unqualified to serve because she filed "improper/fraudulent party affiliation disclosure." The freshman Republican also told voters he sponsored something called the "Frisa Breast Cancer Amendment," though the legislation he described was actually sponsored by Democratic Representative Nita Lowey. Meanwhile, in North Carolina, Jesse Helms proved that there is such a thing as a sore winner. In what one would expect to be a joyful moment—his win in a tight race against challenger Harvey Gantt—Helms was truculent. First he attacked the press, "Don't you know—I can hear it now—the gnashing of teeth in the editorial department of *The Charlotte Observer, The Raleigh News Observer, The Greensboro Daily News, The Winston-Salem Journal.*" Added the gloating septuagenarian: "I can guarantee you one thing, there will be six more years of torment for Ted Kennedy and all those other liberals." At the other end of the etiquette spectrum, Massachusetts Governor William Weld accepted defeat graciously, telling crowds, "It was a fair and equal fight" and joking that "I've got the message. The message is, I'm a real good governor and I should stick to that." And he sounded like the regular guy his campaign sold him as when he said his opponent John Kerry and he had a date "to have that long-mentioned beer at Foley's in the South End."

2000 A SPACE ODYSSEY: For those of you stretched out on the couch, preparing for a hiatus from presidential politics, we have some bad news. While you were dozing off, Campaign 2000 was already getting revved up. Vice President Al Gore would seem Clinton's heir apparent, yet at least four Democrats have spent the last year building a base to challenge him for the title. House Democratic leader Dick Gephardt of Missouri, robbed of his chance to stroke the gavel, is the most obvious contender. Gephardt's role as pointman for the Democrats' congressional blitz gave him ample opportunity to tour the country (New Hampshire definitely included) pitching the party—and incidentally himself—both to the public and to key local strongmen. While on the road, he fattened up his "Gephardt in Congress" fund as part of the anti-Gingrich drive. Though the cash couldn't be transferred from the Missourian's own sure-thing race to help other Democratic candidates, it can be rolled over to the leader's own campaigns—for whatever office. Gore's camp certainly seems to consider Gephardt a threat: at the Chicago convention, it conspired successfully to keep him out of the TV spotlight—though he still networked intensely with major Democratic contributors and state delegations, including leading-primary states Iowa and New Hampshire. Meanwhile, retiring New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley has spent 1996 campaigning for everyone's election but his own, or so it seems. "I'm leaving the Senate, but I'm not leaving public life," he says unhelpfully, when anyone asks about his future plans. But his schedule gives him away. Bradley has campaigned for more than thirty Senate candidates in more than twenty states, hitting fourteen in October alone, including Iowa and New Hampshire. Add his recent speaking tour to promote his memoirs, *Time Present, Time Past*—with its earnest pitch on middle-class crunch, racial healing and the corrupting influence of cash in politics—and he's covered a lot of ground. Nebraska Senator and Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee Chair Bob Kerrey, who (like Gephardt) made a bid in 1988, did not address the Iowa delegation in Chicago. He didn't need to: he had been the keynote speaker at the state party convention two months earlier. And while he hit most of the thirty-three states with contested Senate seats earlier this year, during the October rush Kerrey didn't travel much, campaigning in just three states (Massachusetts, Wyoming and Nebraska). Instead, he spent the month glued to the phone, raising an unprecedented $40 million, which dwarfed the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee's past peak of $25 million in aid to Senate contenders. And the cash Kerrey puts in his fellow Democrats' pockets in 1996 may help put them in his pocket in 2000. Connecticut's Christopher Dodd, the soon-to-retire chairman of the DNC, has visited all but eight states since he got the position in 1994; he's been to New Hampshire—a state with only four electoral votes—three times between January and September. Dodd has denied he will run, and may be gunning to be Gore's running mate. But he has competition. Indiana Governor Evan Bayh has already declared his support for Gore in 2000. Which has implications for 2004.... •

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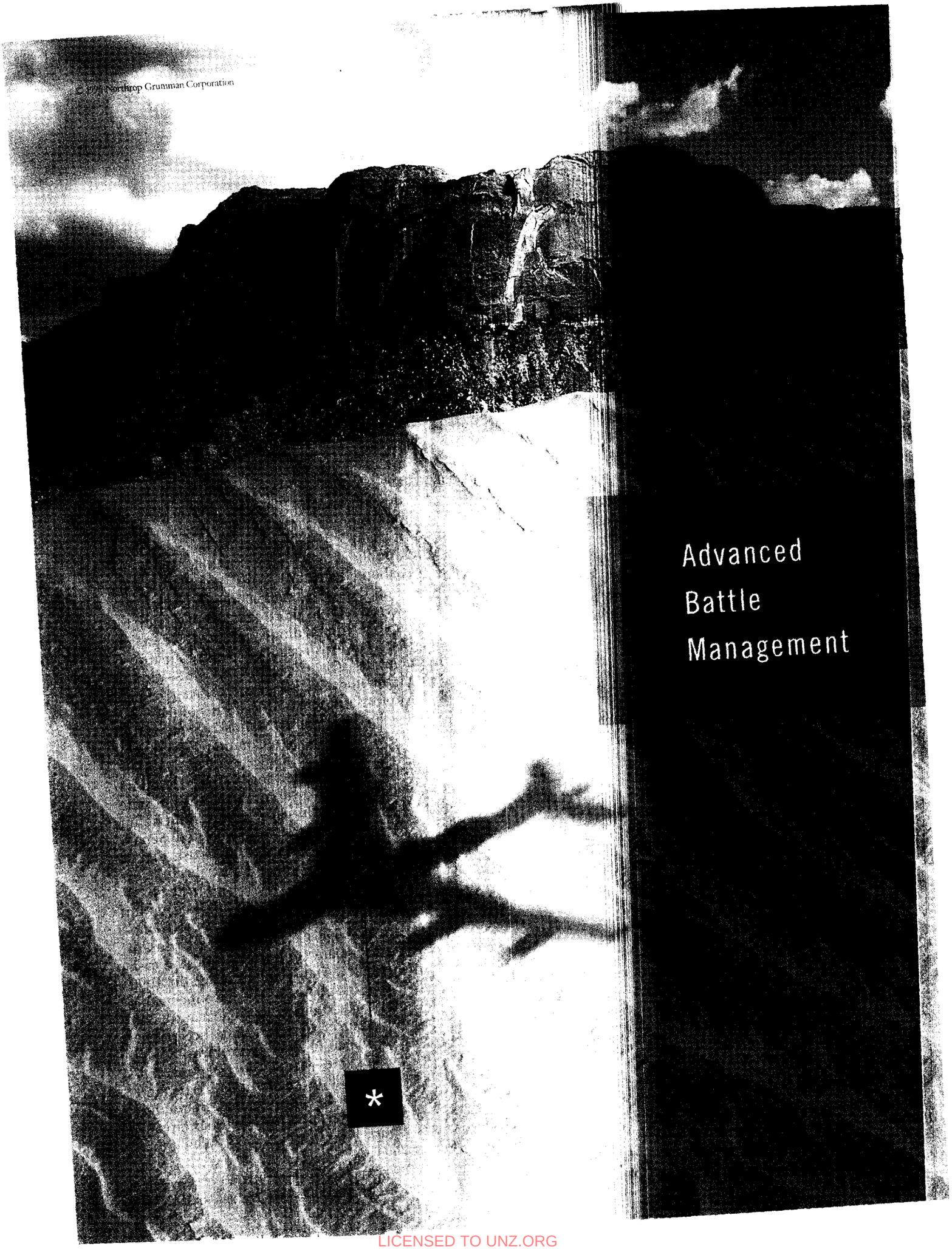

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CHICAGO POSTCARD

CITY HELL

By Thom Shanker

As political pissing matches go, this had to be one of the strangest. Jörg Haider, the Austrian populist who is now Europe's leading far-right politician, had enlivened his Freedom Party's most recent campaign with posters screaming "VIENNA MUST NOT BECOME LIKE CHICAGO!" Word of the Chicago-bashing strategy had gotten back to the Windy City, and city officials were indignant. They didn't care one bit for the implication that an American metropolis with a significant population of recent Central European immigrants, and large, established populations of African Americans, Hispanics, Asian Americans and Jews, just had to be a crummy place to live. So last week when Haider, a formidable politician who sounds like Pat Buchanan's evil twin and looks like Jean-Claude van Damme, paid a surprise visit here, Chicago was expecting an apology.

Before he arrived, Haider must have been feeling grateful for Chicago's very existence—sort of the way George Bush probably felt about Willie Horton. As a pander to public fears, the Freedom Party's Chicago strategy certainly proved effective. When the Viennese cast ballots on October 13, Freedom Party candidates captured an impressive seven City Council seats, bringing their total to twenty-nine out of 100—enough to deny the Social Democrats the City Council majority they have held in "Red Vienna" (except for the Nazi years, of course) since 1919. Having lost ten seats, the humiliated Social Democrats were forced to cast about for coalition partners.

In the chamber of the Chicago City Council, the response was more combative. The aldermen passed a unanimous resolution attacking the Freedom Party candidates as "Bund buddies" who, desperate for publicity, had attempted to "bring down their goose-stepping, hob-nailed boots" on the citizens of America's Second City. In a series of letters, Mayor Richard Daley took the opportunity to instruct Rainer Pawkowicz, the Freedom Party mayoral candidate in Vienna, on America's civic virtues. "Chicago, like all American cities," Daley wrote, "owes its personality and its strength to the people who came here from around the world. These people came to live, work and to escape a dead past and find a living future."

From there, the conflict escalated. The U.S. ambassador to Austria, Swanee Hunt, issed a statement condemning "in the strongest possible terms the use of one of our great American cities in such a negative, xenophobic context." Though she declined to release the text of her correspondence with Haider, Hunt said the Freedom Party chairman initially promised to kill the campaign slogan within the week—but then appeared at rallies with the offending poster blown up as a backdrop. The ambassador protested again, and Haider responded that the strategy was the autonomous decision of his party's Vienna branch. "I told Haider that he has damaged our relationship considerably—not that we ever cozied up to Jörg Haider," said Hunt. "These actions are not without consequences. This is certainly being communicated back to the State Department."

Of course, offensive as the Chicago slur might be to Chicagoans, there's nothing all that unusual about it in Europe. Three generations of Europeans—West, Central and East—have been raised on *Chikago* as the city of bathtub gin and fedoras, of the Untouchables and of mobsters and their peroxide molls. It is one of those clichés that has outlived its truthfulness and its usefulness, but all across Europe it endures—in film, in novels, in news reports and in political sloganeering. In fact, I got a call not many months ago from a colleague at a major German daily, someone who often complained about American reporters' preoccupation with the Nazi period. She was coming to America on assignment and wanted some help in reporting a piece about crime in Chicago. As a favor, I contacted federal investigators who had busted aldermen and judges for corruption, phoned experts on gang crime in the projects, set up a talk with the narcotics detail. Oh, no, she said, when I faxed her a proposed schedule: she meant the legacy of Al Capone. Rat-a-tat-tat. That's why Haider and the Freedom Party can credibly argue that, given the European frame of reference, their campaign was less about race-baiting than it was about law and order, the mantra of conservative politicians everywhere.

Unfortunately, the name-calling and the demi-diplomatic tiff completely obscured the more compelling message that Haider brought to Chicago. He didn't come to the Windy City to apologize for slurring Capone. He came to brag about how his anti-immigration, anti-European Union party scored its most impressive results ever at the polls, drawing 28 percent of the national vote for representatives to the European Parliament last month—a showing that put it within two percentage points of Austria's two leading parties, the Social Democrats and the conservative People's Party. (Besides, Chicago is kind of an American homebase for Haider: one of the Freedom Party's newly elected representatives to the European Parliament—ironically enough, a Jewish writer whose parents fled the Nazis—lives here, though he holds an Austrian passport.)

During a meeting with *The Chicago Tribune* editorial board—as it turned out, that was his only official stop in town, according to Mayor Daley's deputy press secretary,

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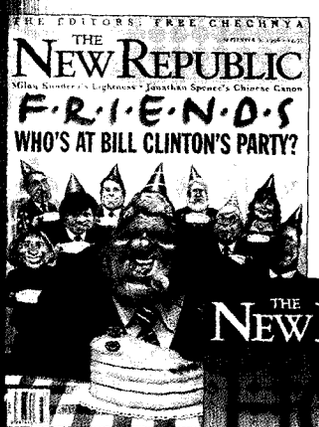

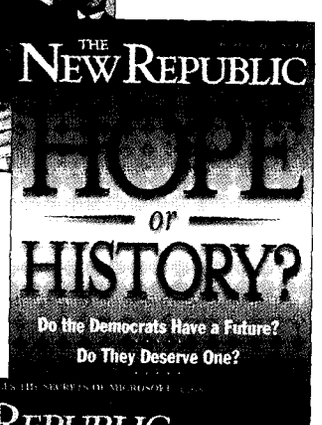

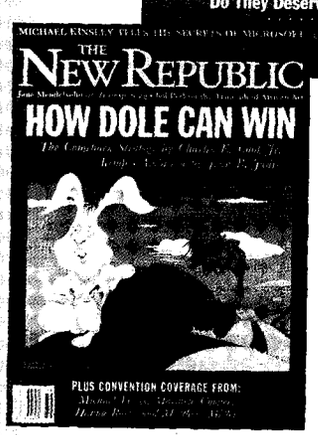

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who explained that "no meeting was requested and none held"—Haider explained that the Freedom Party has successfully decoupled the worried, working-class vote in Austria from its historic patron, the Social Democrats. When Haider told the *Tribune* editors that his favorite American politician is Ronald Reagan, it became clear that the Freedom Party aims to imitate Reagan's courtship of blue-collar voters and to replace the socialists as the party of the proletariat. Somebody in Austria just needs to come up with a clever parallel construction for Reagan Democrats.

No doubt, Haider's strategy of capitalizing on political exhaustion within Austria's ruling parties, at a time of growing concern among workers about their fraying social safety net, will be emulated by right-wing parties all across Europe. Jörg Haider preaches exclusion when necessary, and inclusion when useful. He knows how to build a new political coalition by destroying an old one. In short, he talks the practical arithmetic of success at the polls. That is a language any Chicago pol should understand. Unfortunately, nobody was listening.

THOM SHANKER, who is on the editorial board *The Chicago Tribune*, reported from Central and Eastern Europe for ten years.

The case against leaks.

BAD PLUMBING

By Max Gitter

Most people feel sorry for Richard Jewell, the FBI's now-exonerated suspect in the Atlanta Olympics bombing. They pity him for his ordeals with agents who went to great lengths to trick him into confessing. But they also doubt that Jewell has a case against the FBI. After all, it is virtually impossible to sue a government agency. And Jewell will have an equally hard time suing the press, the argument goes, because he was already a public figure when he was tagged as a suspect.

But Jewell may have a way out, if he tries a novel strategy. The media will defend themselves against claims of malice by saying they relied on some authoritative, if anonymous, government source who told them Jewell was a suspect. The FBI and other government investigators have, of course, denied they leaked the story. If they are right, Jewell can sue the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* for recklessness. But surely Jewell will try for pre-trial discovery, which should expose who leaked the story.

Jewell might stand a chance against the government, moreover, if he focuses his case not so much on this particular leak as on the Justice Department's long history of failing to pursue leakers in its midst. (When was the last time you read about an indictment of a prosecutor or FBI agent for leaking grand jury materials to the press?) His suit against the government might fare better if he portrayed the Justice Department as creating an environment that routinely overlooks, and tacitly encourages its employees to violate, the rules concerning leaks. It creates a permissive atmosphere, analogous to the "hostile working environment" in sexual harassment cases.

This strategy could get at an intractable and chronic problem: the damage to people's rights and reputations wrought by government leaks.

Government leaks are normally challenged by defense attorneys during ongoing investigations or prosecutions. But judges are extremely reluctant even to investigate the government at that stage for fear of jeopardizing a pending case. As a defense attorney during the financial scandals of the late '80s, I witnessed firsthand what typically happens—nothing. Despite massive, continuing leaks about what should have been secret SEC and grand jury investigations—some of which could only have come from government sources—defendants could only get courts to defer the problem of leaks until after trial. When the proceedings were over, however, the leaks were never pursued. Defendants who were vindicated wanted only to put the entire matter behind them. And there was little public sympathy for convicted financiers claiming their rights were impinged by some government agent who, after all, did help put the rich felon in jail.

The Jewell case is different. Judging by his press conference, he does not want to put the case behind him. And public sympathy is with Jewell. It is the perfect occasion to address the plight of the accused—and the unaccused—who are made to suffer.

Let's be clear, first of all, that leaks violate the law and seriously prejudice suspects and defendants. Federal statutes prohibit disclosure of information on grand jury investigations. The Constitution guarantees due process as well as a secret grand jury proceeding for serious criminal charges. As any criminal defense attorney can attest, leaks to the media prejudice the potential jury pool. (Indeed, many argue that that is precisely why prosecutors engage in leaks.) Leaks and the resulting media coverage can even affect judges. An unusually high percentage of convictions in the Wall Street scandals were reversed. The leaks, the consequent media frenzy and the public's outrage undoubtedly inhibited some judges from dismissing at the outset attenuated indictments and overreaching prosecutorial theories.

Can anything be done about these kind of leaks? Well, maybe. Laws against leaking are almost never enforced, for obvious reasons: each of the two principal institutions in our society that expose wrongful conduct has a conflict. The media have a vested interest in ensuring a

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continuing flow of leaks and go to great lengths to keep the identity of leakers secret. Similarly, every government agency has an interest in protecting its own. Self-investigation by government agencies is notoriously unreliable. No one was indicted, fired, suspended or even identified for leaking stories about the financial investigations in the '80s.

What is needed is an independent force, such as an invigorated Office of Professional Responsibility in the Justice Department, with the teeth and the will to pursue leakers and a real prospect of public recognition for successfully performing that job. Neither that nor any other reform is likely to occur without a transformation in public attitudes. The leakers of government investigations must be deglorified.

After the Pentagon Papers and Watergate, the media persuaded society that government leaks are essential to democratic functioning. But this position has little merit in a criminal investigation, where it tramples due process and privacy rights. The public, the media and the courts need to understand that leakers are not always courageous whistleblowers; in many cases, they are opportunistic abusers of positions of trust.

The legal and ethical posture of an FBI agent, a Georgia state investigator or a prosecutor who leaks information about a pending investigation is the same as that of a person who passes on "tips" or inside information about a corporate takeover. The seminal Supreme Court case about insider trading, *Dirks* v. *SEC*, made clear that a person who acquires confidential financial information through a position of trust and then conveys that information to another for personal gain is guilty of insider trading. And so, for example, an employee of a law firm is guilty of insider trading if he learns of a possible takeover and then passes that confidential information to a friend in hopes of gaining either a direct immediate benefit, such as a share of the financial gains, or what is called a "reputational" benefit, such as enhanced stature in the eyes of the "tippee" and the possibility of one day obtaining a favor from the tippee.

Like the law firm employee, the government leaker acquires confidential information through a position of trust. He then offers that information to the media either for an immediate gain, such as winning a prosecution by prejudicing the jury pool, or some "reputational" benefit, such as cultivating a relationship with a reporter who might later write a favorable story. The media's "defense" of government leaks—that they inform the public early about potential prosecutions—also has a parallel in the case of the inside trader: many economists believe that insider trading is beneficial because it sends "signals" to the market that raise the price of a takeover stock, thereby helping those who otherwise would sell at too low a price.

If we start calling these leakers what they are—insider traders—perhaps their standing with the public will be diminished. Only then will the incidence of such leaks be reduced.

MAX GITTER is a lawyer in New York.

The triumph of the center-right.

GOLDEN MEAN

By John B. Judis

Newt Gingrich said that this election could be the most important since 1896—the election that inaugurated a thirty-six-year Republican majority. But it probably won't make the pages of most history books. Like the election of 1984, when Ronald Reagan won in a landslide, but when Democrats retained the House and gained two Senate seats, it reaffirmed the existing balance of political forces in the country. It was a vote against dramatic change and for a continuation of a center-right government.

Many of the basic political positions in Congress haven't changed in twenty years; only the party labels of those espousing them have. Political scientists used to complain that the real antagonists in Congress were not Democrats and Republicans, but a coalition of Northern Democrats and Northeastern and Far Western Republicans, on the one hand, and a coalition of Midwestern Republicans and Southern Democrats on the other. Since the 1960s, the GOP has steadily made inroads in the Democratic deep South and the Democrats have become the majority party in the Northeast and Far West. This election took the process one step further. Republican congressmen were ousted in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, California and Washington, while Republicans won previously Democratic seats in Texas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama. Republicans are still competitive in the North (look at Maine's two GOP senators), and

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Democrats can still win statewide office in the South (look at the Senate results in Louisiana and Georgia), but the Northeast and Far West now tilt Democratic and the deep South and Southwest Republican. And across the country, the parties are roughly at equal strength, as they were in the 1880s, when each was capable of capturing either the White House or Congress.

If a realignment or revolution were to occur, as Gingrich prophesied, the circumstances underlying politics—the relations between regional businesses, between business and labor, between small and large business and between ethnic and social groups—would have to shift significantly. That has not occurred. Instead, American politics has continued to gravitate toward the same position. Former Carter pollster Pat Caddell was the first to define this position as a combination of social liberalism and fiscal conservatism, but it goes beyond purely budgetary stinginess.

From the late '30s, when the New Deal ran aground, through the Nixon administration, there was a center-left standoff on core economic issues between business and its allies, on the one hand, and labor and its allies on the other. This standoff meant that business got tax cuts and generous subsidies but that labor, consumer groups and minorities got job bills, guaranteed health care for senior citizens, increases in Social Security payments and legislation regulating workplace safety. Then the ground shifted. In the first two years of the Carter administration, when Democrats had a "veto-proof majority," business groups were nevertheless able to defeat labor law reform and the establishment of a new Consumer Protection Agency. Business's newfound clout, which reflected labor's decline and the emergence of interest groups like the Business Roundtable, spelled the end of center-left government and the beginning of a center-right regime. While business organizations could not repeal OSHA or privatize Social Security, they could block any new spending or regulatory initiatives along these lines. At the same time, Congress had to heed growing popular majorities in favor of cultural and social reforms that came out of the '60s—from environmental protection to abortion rights and gun control. Support for these issues cut across class lines, but was concentrated among middle- and upper-middle-class Americans, who were likely to respond to direct mail appeals.

When the White House or Congress has tried to defy this economic and social consensus, it has been quickly repudiated. The AFL-CIO and its congressional backers had to give up on labor law reform, and they couldn't even get Congress to pass a striker replacement bill. On the other side, Ronald Reagan had to replace his Secretary of the Interior and director of the Environmental Protection Agency with moderates acceptable to the environmental movement. Reagan was also careful to talk up, but do nothing about, sanctioning school prayer or outlawing abortion. Clinton had to abandon his attempt to expand health services to the working poor and to limit the prerogatives of the health and insurance industries. And Gingrich and the House Republicans had to give up their attempt to gut environmental laws and to raise Medicare premiums while reducing benefits. In this sense, while there have been political twists and turns along the way, government has adhered to a remarkably similar course from 1977 to 1997.

The years that have most clearly defined this course were 1982 to 1984, when Reagan had to rewrite his tax bill and accept a bipartisan fix of Social Security; and 1996, when Clinton and the Republican Congress agreed to the deregulation of the telecommunications industry and to minor changes in health care coverage that didn't threaten the insurance industry. Clinton signed a welfare reform bill, but, unlike his original bill, it did not redistribute income by providing new funds for jobs or training. He signed an immigration bill that deprived illegal and legal immigrants of benefits, but did not police employers who hired illegal immigrants. The one apparent exception was the minimum wage law, which was not pushed by the administration but by the AFL-CIO and its allies in Congress. Clinton and the Republicans agreed to a bill, however, that also contained significant, and in some instances egregious, business subsidies.

Early this summer, it seemed that this election might actually alter the status quo. By shutting down the government, Gingrich and the House Republicans had raised the specter of radical conservatism. It looked like Democrats could run against Gingrich the way they used to run against Herbert Hoover. During the primary, the Christian Coalition, which is anathema to many voters outside the deep South, had increased its visibility within the Republican Party. And in the presidential race, Clinton had a 73-year-old opponent whose own party seemed lukewarm on him and who had opposed unpaid family and medical leave.

Even more important, the AFL-CIO under its new president, John Sweeney, had actively entered the election. In the past, the federation had been content to give money to candidates and send out endorsements to their members, but this time it threw hundreds of staff and $35 million into targeted congressional races. Labor's new strategy threatened, in effect, to create a countervailing force to business predominance over both parties. And labor's first efforts at running ads worked dramatically. It got endangered moderate Republicans like Connecticut's Chris Shays to champion an increase in the minimum wage. If the election had been held in mid-July or so, the Democrats might have regained majorities in both the Senate and the House, and labor and its allies would have wielded considerable clout with these new majorities.

But over the last two months the election turned around. The Republicans in Congress, led by Trent Lott, the new majority leader, worked out an accommodation with Clinton to pass welfare reform, the minimum wage and the Kassebaum-Kennedy health care bills—and then ran on these bipartisan accomplishments. They abandoned the anti-government rhetoric of the 1994 election; and they claimed to be friends of clean air and

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water. Some candidates such as Minnesota Senate candidate Rudy Boschwitz and Cleveland Representative Martin Hoke said they were closer to the Clinton administration than their Democratic opponents. Even candidates strongly identified with the religious right, such as Louisiana Senate candidate Woody Jenkins or Senator Robert Smith in New Hampshire, rarely mentioned abortion. Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition handed out their voter guides the Sunday before election, but otherwise kept a low profile. Those candidates who remained most closely tied to the right, such as Jenkins or gubernatorial candidate Ellen Craswell in Washington, still lost, but other Republicans successfully avoided the stigma of either the Gingrich revolution or the Christian Coalition.

The Republican National Committee and the Republican Senate and House campaign committees also took advantage of business support and of a June Supreme Court ruling permitting independent expenditures to mount a furious ad campaign during the last three weeks of the election. RNC Chairman Haley Barbour complained repeatedly about the AFL-CIO pumping $35 million into the campaign, but business groups contributed about $242 million. Roughly two-thirds of this money went to Republican candidates and to the Republican national committees. The Republican committees raised $400 million for this election compared to $250 million for the Democrats. And, in the campaign's last month, they spent it to reverse the tide toward a Democratic Congress.

In the last weeks of October, the National Republican Senate Committee alone spent $10 million in independent expenditures, while the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee spent $1.1 million. The Republican committees spent $500,000 on Wyoming's Senate race, or roughly $1 a vote. They lavished $768,000 on Oregon Senate candidate Gordon Smith, $423,000 on New Hampshire's Senator Smith. They also poured money into Chuck Hagel's race in Nebraska and Dick Zimmer's in New Jersey. Their expenditures were supplemented by business groups who ran their own ads. The American Medical Association laid out $420,000, helping five Republican House candidates, and $129,000 for Republican Senate candidate Susan Collins in Maine. The Democrats who withstood the late onslaught were those who had almost as much cash themselves—like Robert Torricelli in New Jersey. Others, like Kathy Karpan in Wyoming, Ben Nelson in Nebraska or Dick Swett in New Hampshire, had their voices drowned out and their candidacies defined for them. After the Republican Senate committee had inundated the state's inexpensive media outlets with ads saying Karpan was "too liberal for Wyoming," she would meet small children who chanted the phrase at her the way they might repeat a catchy slogan for beer or deodorant.

Of course, the other factor that prevented Democrats from winning Congress was the faltering Clinton campaign. In early October, Clinton appeared on his way to a landslide that could have rivaled Lyndon Johnson's victory over Barry Goldwater in 1964. (Johnson held Goldwater to victories in Arizona and the deep South.) A win that size would have shifted at least four or five Senate seats and at least a dozen more House seats into the Democratic column. But in the second week of October, stories began emerging about DNC fund-raiser John Huang's efforts to woo foreign contributors. These stories were damning in themselves, but they also raised the specter of future investigations that could cripple a second Clinton term.

Dole and Jack Kemp were unable to push the issue effectively—Dole because it raised his own negatives and Kemp because he eschewed any harsh criticism of his opponents. But Ross Perot, who had championed campaign finance reform, gave voice to popular outrage and to the fear of a "Watergate II." Perot played what should have been Kemp's role—the anti-Clinton attack dog. He even described the Clintons as "felons." Though Perot didn't help himself that much—his poll ratings initially rose, then dropped on election eve—his withering attacks, concentrated during the last week, tarred Clinton and helped boost Dole over 40 percent.

As it stands, neither Clinton nor the Republicans in Congress will take office with a clear mandate. Clinton campaigned on his economic record and on a promise of innocuous, incremental reforms such as the extension of unpaid family and medical leave. Congressional Republicans attempted to distance themselves from their Contract with America without proposing a new contract. By the campaign's close, they were even withdrawing their support for Dole's 15 percent tax cut.

Clinton will have trouble getting his own way among Democrats. As a lameduck president, he will have to endure Democrats jockeying for position in 2000. The Republican leadership, meanwhile, will be hamstrung in Congress. Republicans slightly increased their majority in the Senate, but largely by filling seats vacated by conservative Democrats. The remaining Democrats (who are slightly to the left of the previous group) will be able to filibuster any right-wing initiatives. In the House, Gingrich will command a smaller majority, and a quarter to a third of it will be composed of Republicans like John Hostettler in Indiana, Mark Neumann in Wisconsin, or Jon Fox in Pennsylvania who barely defeated Democratic challengers. The right will still be vocal, and the left will have a much louder voice because the AFL-CIO did help knock off nineteen Republicans, but, in both houses, the balance of power will be held by Democrats like Bob Kerrey or Charlie Stenholm and Republicans like Susan Collins or Chris Shays. It will be the center-right in command.

If there is a precedent for 1997, it is probably 1996. Clinton will be able to win Congress's support for incremental social reforms and for pro-business trade initiatives with China and Latin America. The Republicans will probably agree to putting Medicare and Social Security in the hands of a bipartisan commission that will produce proposals that are amenable to the insurance industry, but don't obviously or immediately gouge senior citizens. And they will quarrel over the details of a balanced budget plan, while seeking compromises that

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avoid achieving a balanced budget during their political lifetime.

There are several things, however, that could upset this placid scenario. First of all, the Clinton administration could be paralyzed by scandal, as the Clintons and the Democratic National Committee face inquiries from both House and Senate committees. Whether the administration will be engulfed by scandal depends on what Independent Prosecutor Kenneth Starr comes up with. Secondly, the GOP leadership, in its eagerness to pay back its business contributors and solidify its fund-raising base, could overreach again as it did in 1995 and precipitate an anti-Republican backlash in 1998. And, finally, a recession could halt the rush toward a balanced budget plan and revive the argument within the Democratic Party over government economic intervention. In that case, the Clinton administration and the congressional Democrats could part company, as occurred during the last year of the Carter administration, and the Democrats could find themselves deeply divided as they head into the next elections. But even these possibilities still might not alter the drift of American politics. A political realignment may be in the offing, but it is certainly not in sight. •

CAMPAIGN JOURNAL

THE END

By Michael Lewis

> I have been around long enough to know it is going to be the candidate's fault. If I lose, the rest of them are going to be home free.
>
> —Bob Dole on CNN

November 1:

The first day of Dole's final campaign swing is devoted to warmed-over endorsements from the former presidents who are traveling with Dole on *Citizen's Ship*. Ford had the window seat, Bush the aisle. While Dole blared jokes over the microphone Bush picked up the latest campaign t-shirt and read it aloud, as a question: "Ninety-six hours to victory?" Ford responded, softly: "Once you get there, is there skiing?" This and many other damning anecdotes are told and retold by the journalists. Thus builds the unfortunate momentum of a losing campaign.

A week or so ago *The New York Times* ran a story about all the important Republicans who had given up on Dole. The story quoted Florida party chair Tom Slade saying that if Dole took the state "it will be nothing short of a political miracle." A couple of days later the *Times* printed a correction in which it quoted what Slade actually had said: "I am more optimistic than I have ever been that Dole will carry Florida. Because we were down substantially, if he does, it will be nothing short of a political miracle."

And so when John Kasich wanders onto the parked press bus in Columbus, Ohio, he is actually walking into a trap. He thinks he is there to make everyone feel a bit better about Dole and perhaps improve his own standing with the press. But the press is way beyond that—all anyone wants from John Kasich now is more evidence that Dole is doomed.

For the first few minutes Kasich stands casually in the aisle answering very good questions about the budget and defending with great confidence everything Bob Dole stands for. Clearly he badly wants to be portrayed as a team player, not the sort of guy who would jump ship. But when pressed about the tax cut, and Dole's inability to sell it, he slips, albeit for the briefest moment. "They never sold it right," he says. "They've got to get into more fundamental cultural terms." He has dipped his toe in the whirlpool. Before he knows it he's swimming for his life. Here is how the subsequent exchange is described in the pool report, written immediately after the encounter and passed out to a hundred journalists, many of whom use it in their stories today:

> Asked what he meant [Kasich] replied "if people have money in their pocket, they have more power over what happens to their family. . . ." Continuing in this supportive vein Mr. Kasich opined that—referencing Ohio—"If [Dole] wins, it will be a real upset. [But hey, I'm okay!]"

None of this is exactly inaccurate. But Kasich spent maybe ten minutes pretending that Dole was going to win Ohio and maybe ten seconds saying that Ohio was a longshot. About the last thing he wanted was to say anything that could be interpreted as faint-hearted. But, when you are surrounded by journalists badgering you about the sort of poll numbers Dole faces, eventually you say something that can be used against you. Thus, a mere few hours into Dole's ninety-six-hour journey, the press has the defector it's been looking for.

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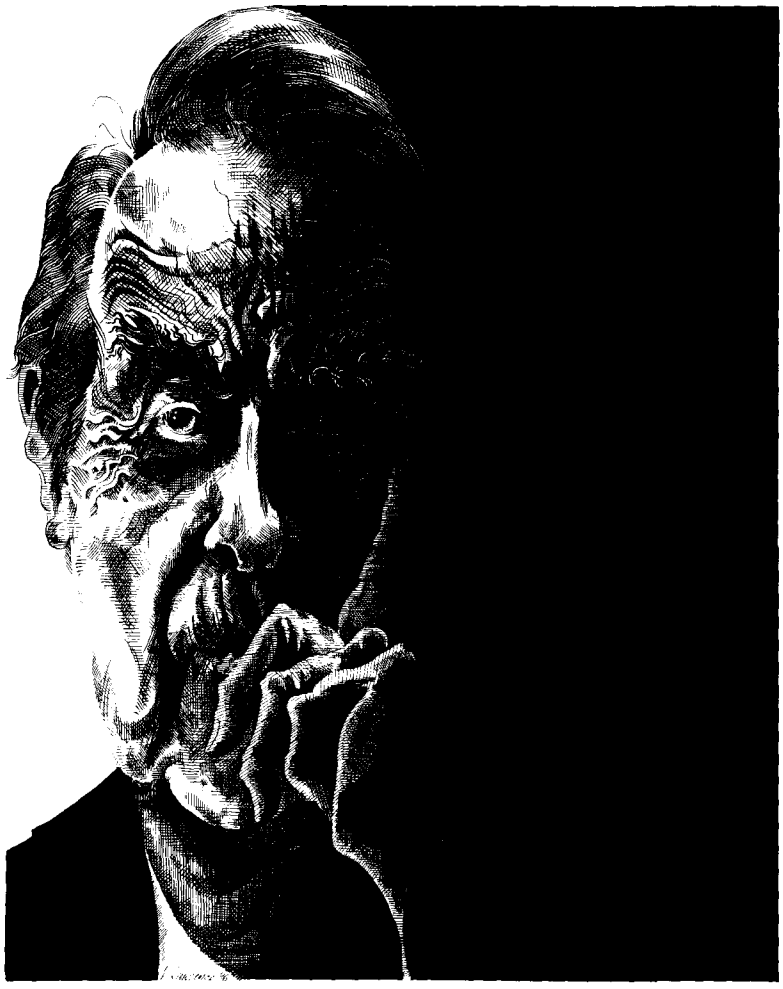
November 2:

The events themselves quickly become a blur of weird theme songs ("Play That Funky Music White Boy"), odd slogans suspended over the back of the stage behind Dole (HONEST ENERGY!) and strange rhetoric from the podium. (Dole in Indianapolis pointing to a race car: "That's what we're doing. Five hundred. Ninety-six hours. Nonstop. Nonstop. Nonstop. Nonstop.") Mainly what is noticeable to the naked eye is how much less pleasant the Dole campaign has become—which is saying something. The crowds flip the finger at the busloads of journalists and chant rude things at them as they enter each arena. The journalists, for their part, wear buttons that say, "Yeah, I'm the Media. Screw You." The artillery aimed at Clinton gets heavier by the hour. "I never saw an FBI file," former President Bush tells the crowd. "But then I never had a barroom bouncer right there to look them over for me." Five hours later Bush's barroom bouncer has become President Ford's bartender. A few hours after that Dole himself picks it up and describes Clinton's bartender looking through files: "He looks at a FBI file, then has a beer. Looks at another file. Has another beer."



BOB DOLE BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

On one of the shorter hops between cities, one of Dole's better-known strategists, Charlie Black, rides in the press plane. Black was the brains behind Phil Gramm's presidential bid, which set new records for dollars expended per vote. Now he takes his new place in one of the big seats up front and waits until there's about twenty minutes left before wandering back to do business. He sits immediately behind me so that if I swivel in my seat I can look over the fine bristles of his carefully groomed hair and the clean press of his madras shirt. Everything except the expression on Charlie Black's face says that he is on his way to a country club social. His expression tells you that, whatever he's about to do, he can hardly wait until it is over.

Joylessly Charlie announces that we are all deluded in thinking that Clinton is ahead in the polls; the true poll numbers show that Dole is gaining in popularity three percentage points a day and there is nothing Clinton can do about it. "They're in a desperate gambit to turn out their base because they see the election slipping away from them—and it is," he says, with total certainty.

This sort of behavior has become routine in the Dole campaign; indeed, from the beginning the Dole people have preferred to insult your intelligence than to craft more plausible lies. The disjuncture between the persona of the candidate (straight talker) and the behavior of his campaign (big liars) dates back to the very start of the primaries. At the same time that Dole was presenting himself as a force for decency his campaign was spending millions of dollars on push polls. When asked about them, the Dole campaign told reporters that Forbes and Buchanan were hiring pollsters to slander themselves, so that they could accuse the Dole campaign of dirty tactics. They kept this up for several weeks, even after they were told to stop by the Republican National Committee. Dole's attitude seems to have been: whatever these people I've hired do in my name is not my responsibility. He never seems to have realized there's a problem with selling honesty dishonestly.

And so now Charlie Black has been sent back to tell the journalists not merely that the election is tightening but that Clinton is clearly doomed. "Do you think that Clinton has even a chance of winning?" I ask, in an attempt to enter into his mood. "Oh, he has a *chance*," says Charlie, dubiously.

I am told by one of the Dole staffers that I'm no longer welcome on *Citizen's Ship* but must fly for the duration on the press plane. I am the only journalist in America excluded from the pool duty which enables you to get a bit closer to Dole than the cameras. "To be honest with you," says the staffer, signaling the likelihood she is lying, "some of the press got angry with you because of the camera." She is referring to the episode of the shrimp, during which I incurred the wrath of the Dole staff by filming a plate of shrimp on the press plane. The campaign managers have held a meeting to

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decide what to do with me, I'm told by a fellow journalist who overheard the meeting. "I'd like to push him out the back of the plane," said the Dole woman who had been in charge of yelling at me.

November 3:

Since I stood in for him in Palm Springs the only news I've had from Morry Taylor came in the form of a press release. "Former GOP candidate Morry Taylor offers employees incentive to vote," it announced, then went on to explain that he was giving any of his 3,200 employees who voted one extra day of vacation. Morry figured that if City Hall could let its employees off on Election Day to vote for Democrats then he should be able to do more or less the same thing. His employees more or less agreed.

"It hit with such a bang," Morry says, when I call him, for old time's sake. So many Titan employees in Des Moines turned up to register to vote that county officials phoned Titan to ask what was going on. Soon enough the Secretary of State in Illinois called Titan to say that Morry's scheme sounded illegal. Morry called somebody at the FEC who told him again that it *was* illegal. Imagine! The FEC has nothing to say when every one of the major candidates fiddles the spending rules during the primaries. It has nothing to say when an Indonesian businessman channels millions of dollars to the Clinton campaign through a man who worked at the Department of Commerce. But when Morry Taylor tries to give his employees a day off the bureaucrats leap into action.

It seems that word has spread among the Dole troops that I am to be held responsible for all of their unhappiness. Returning to the plane I find that I have been moved from an aisle to a middle seat, and that once-friendly staffers now are avoiding my lonesome gaze. Meanwhile the Dole lady who wants to push me out the back of the plane is unable to fill the seats on *Citizen's Ship*. It turns out that a lot of the journalists prefer the press plane, where the seats are bigger, the company is better and the electrical outlets work. I seem to be the one journalist who is longing to get on Dole's plane, and yet I can't get within a hundred yards of the thing. Clearly I have no choice but to strike out on my own. And I can think of only one place worth going to.

November 4:

It's nearly two in the morning by the time I find wheels and pull out of the Kansas City airport, and well past four by the time I reach Abilene and the signs for the Eisenhower Presidential Library. At this hour on a lonely stretch of I-70 I can come up with any number of reasons to stop for the night but the main one is a conversation I had several months ago with my one friend in the Dole campaign. This person accepted Dole's offer of work after the primaries, even though there were a lot of other ways he could have made a living. On his way to start the job he paid a visit to the library mainly because he thought it might give him some insight into his new boss; Eisenhower is Dole's favorite president. Though not by nature a sentimentalist, he had been left fairly well choked up by an exhibit at the museum.

After a few hours in a Best Western I find my way to the library, and a helpful curator. He shows me the old Eisenhower campaign posters ("LET'S CLEAN HOUSE WITH IKE AND DICK!") and the letter imploring Eisenhower to run for president signed by nineteen Republicans, including Gerald Ford of Michigan. It nicely illustrates that the longing in our democracy for The Unpolitical Politician, the man who doesn't seek power but instead has power thrust upon him, has been around awhile: "... if our own country is torn asunder by corruption and greed, by disloyalties and opportunism, by the avarice of selfish men, by the lack of vision of pseudo-statesmen greedy to retain public office, all the good and constructive work you have done will be destroyed."

The curator explains that Eisenhower's presidency had triggered a boom in Abilene much like Dole's might in Russell. By the end of the Second World War Abilene looked to be headed toward extinction. What saved it was first the Eisenhower Museum, created in 1946, and then the Eisenhower Library, which now draws about 125,000 visitors a year. Once tourists began to come, the town built further attractions to divert them: the Greyhound Hall of Fame, the Museum of Independent Telephony, and other places that no one in his right mind would build a vacation around but which perhaps lend dimensions to a visit to Abilene. The people of Russell have Abilene as their model. One of the biggest Dole authorities in Russell even gave me a tour of the site for the Library. It would be shaped like a silo, he said, and built entirely of glass.

It only takes a few minutes to find the exhibit my friend described. Before every major engagement of the war General Eisenhower penned what amounted to a press release in which he took full responsibility for failure. Every time but one he tore up his note and threw it away. But after D-Day an aide with a sense of history fished one of the notes from the trash can. "The thing of it is," my friend had explained, "was that it was all in the first person—I, I, I. Then he wrote another press release in the event of victory in which it is all we, we, we." To my friend this pattern said something not just about Eisenhower but about Dole. It represented an entire way life that has fallen from fashion.

The actual press release sits behind a pane of glass:

> Our landings in the Cherbourg and Le Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. My decision to attack at this time and place was based upon the best information available. The troops, the Air and the Navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone.

There is no second note announcing the success of the operation in the first person plural, however. The curator tells me that Eisenhower never bothered to declare D-Day a success, which, when you think about it, makes his personal admission of failure even more striking. My friend in the Dole campaign embellished the story, no doubt unconsciously, so that I might feel what

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he wished me to feel. Such is the power of stoicism over stoics. Such is the current weakness of the creed that it must be compromised if it is to survive.

November 5:

In Russell, Kansas, the mood is much like the mood of the Dole campaign: on the surface, a great deal of hope and, just below it, a lot of anger. In nineteen speeches over two days Dole failed even to mention Russell, Kansas. I first realized that Russell was destined to become road kill when I asked Scott Reed how long Dole was planning to be there on Election Day. Reed made a sign with his hands of a plane touching down and taking off again, quickly. That the Dole campaign would not spend a night in town would come as news to the local motels, which the Dole campaign had reserved.

Still, I think people here really believe it when they say Dole is going to win. Bub Dawson, whose family drug store employed Dole, talks about the "hoopla" that will overwhelm the town after the victory. But resentment is swelling in Russell—of Clinton, who only a few months ago was more laughed at here than hated, and of everything and everyone who is perceived to have helped him. After breakfast I am assaulted by a woman who accuses me of being a member of the liberal media. "He's a sleazy draft-dodger," she hollers, until finally I am forced to tell her that I didn't vote for Clinton. "You voted for Dole?" she says, incredulously. "Ralph Nader," I say. "Well, that's just stupid," she says, but the fury has gone out of her.

By 10:30 Main Street is lined on both sides with the town residents who, curiously, seem to be either very young children or very old people. In Russell you always wonder where the parents have gone. At noon the Dole motorcade pulls up to the First Christian Church and the Doles go inside to vote. One look at the reporters' drawn faces and I'm grateful for being non grata on the Dole plane, though of course in these situations you always wonder what might have been. Dole walks into the church, picks up his ballot from five elderly ladies, mentions that he is nervous because he's never voted for himself for president and then vanishes behind a blue cloth curtain. There he stands at a metal shelf, steadying his ballot with a miniature limestone fence post that is, aside from Dole memorabilia, about the only souvenir you can buy in a Russell gift shop.

Until now in the campaign Dole usually has been surrounded by bigwigs; everywhere he goes he is accompanied by governors and senators. But today, the final day of the campaign, the day Dole will discover that he never will be president, the governors and the senators seem to have vanished. There is no one but his wife and daughter at his side in the church. Then I notice John McCain, standing off to one side in aviator sunglasses and a baseball cap pulled down low over his brow. A few weeks ago in Phoenix I watched McCain rearrange his schedule over the protest of his staff so that he could be with Dole on Election Day. The staffers thought the senator should be back in Arizona celebrating probable victory with Republican freshman J.D. Hayworth. McCain thought he should be on the road coping with probable defeat with Dole. "I would think the time he might need a friend would be that night," he said at the time. And so here he is, in Russell, Kansas, lecturing a reporter who would rather hear about the despair in the front of the plane than Bob Dole's place in American history. "I predict to you," I can hear him saying, "that Bob Dole's picture, win or lose, will one day hang in the lobby of the U.S. Senate."

Usually I am not allowed to say in print what I think about McCain because I tend to go on a bit. But perhaps today I will be granted an exception. He is unlike most people who do what he does for a living in his taste for a losing or unpopular cause. Obviously this benefits him at some level; obviously he cannot push his courage too far; nevertheless, there is something extraordinary about the way he seeks out trouble to avoid violating his sense of who he must be. And it never fails to allay somewhat my general misgivings about democracy as currently practiced.

I slip through the Russell police force to say hello. McCain tells me with real wonder in his voice that he's just heard that Lamar Alexander planned to be in Des Moines tomorrow to be followed by Steve Forbes on Thursday. And so even before it ends it is starting again.

That evening the town of Russell gathers to watch the returns at the local offices of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. By the time I arrive Clinton has won Florida and maybe 400 mostly old people sit on orange vinyl chairs at long cafeteria tables hoping for more, different news. The walls are papered over with Dole-Kemp signs, and the people are all done up in patriotic reds and blues. A few wear Eisenhower pins beside their Dole pins. Beneath a banner for the Republican Party is a tote board to keep track of local voting. While the big screen TV announces the national results, the tote board will tell everyone how Bob is doing in Russell County. No one so far as I can tell believes Dole is about to lose in either race. How can they, when no one knows anyone who didn't vote for him?

At some point in the first twenty minutes I mention something about the conspicuous lack of Democrats and I am directed to the back of the hall. "The Democrats are back there," says an elderly woman. Sure enough, they are. A dozen or so of them sit together in a small private room. At their center sipping a scotch and soda is a man who introduces himself as Leroy Jaggers, a retired Russell school superintendent running on the Democratic ticket for Kansas legislature. He and his fellow Democrats, it seems, have been shuffled off to this cold forgotten place. "How many black votes you think you got Leroy?" someone shouts. "Hey!" shouts Leroy. "I got a lot. 'Cause I went to the cemetery today. I know *all* the tricks." It's a running joke in Russell that the Democrat gets the black vote, because

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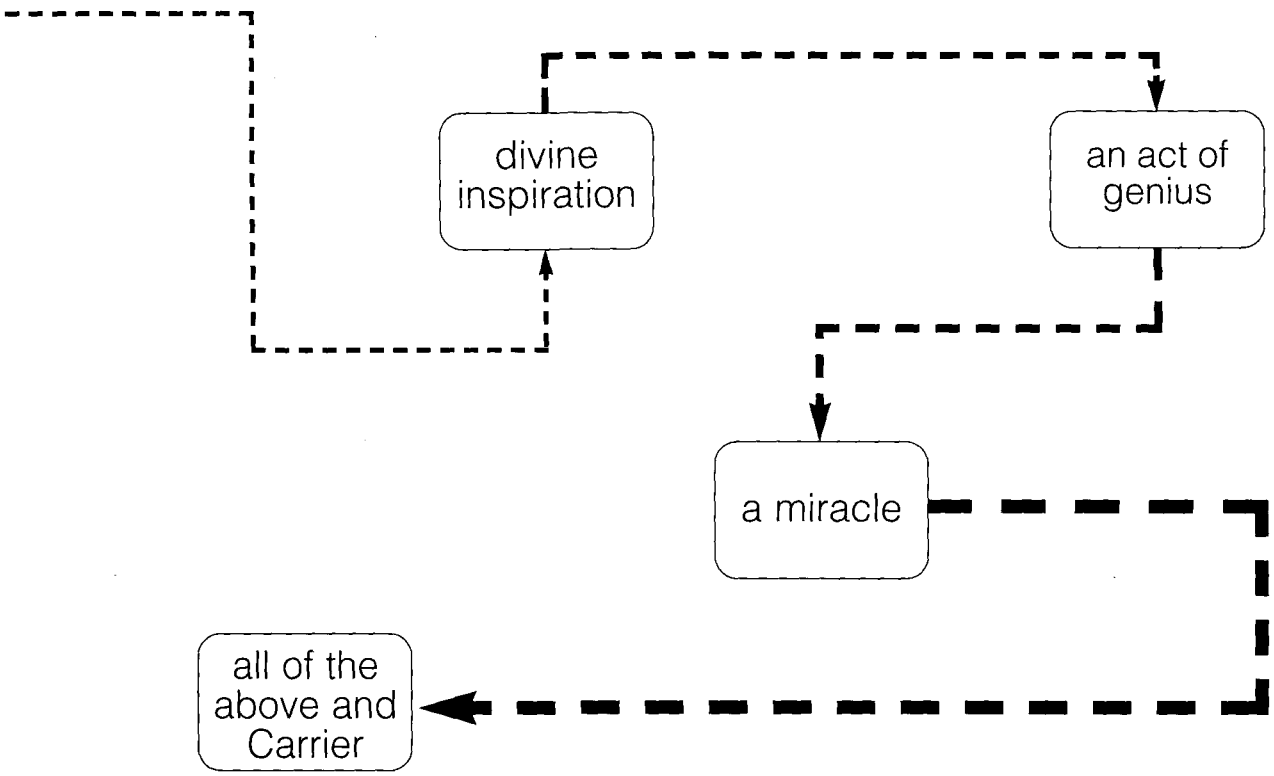
What does it take to preserve a 450-year-old treasure?



Four and a half centuries of smoke from votive candles combined with modern air pollution to mask the glory of the Sistine Chapel ceiling.

It took an inspired clergy, the genius of patient artisans, and the miracle of chemistry to restore its original vibrant beauty.

And to keep it that way?

A specially designed climate control system for comfortable temperatures and clean air from this time forth.

And the people chosen to provide all this?

Carrier.

Perhaps because Carrier is to air conditioning what Otis is to elevators and Sikorsky is to helicopters: The creator of the industry.

Be there first.

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there isn't any black vote to speak of.

There is a difference between Democrats in Russell, Kansas, and Democrats everywhere else: Democrats in Russell vote for Bob Dole. And they don't advertise their affiliation very loudly; the donkey on Leroy's campaign posters looks nothing like a donkey and a great deal like a giraffe. This raises a question, which I put to him: Why bother being a Democrat? "You know why I'm a Democrat?" asks Leroy, slurpily. "Out of respect for my father. My father was a very big Democrat." He doesn't think it hurts him much in Russell, "'cause here people take you for what you are. You vote for the person, not the party." At which point Leroy and everyone else in the room bombard me with explanations about the unimportance of political parties in Russell. And it is true that while outside Russell County Leroy seems to be getting shellacked by his Republican opponent, inside Russell he's doing fine. Leroy understood that there was no need to sell yourself in Russell, that people knew who he was. He may even be right. But while it is well and good to assume that people know who you are when you run for office in Russell—that you don't have to bother to tell them—it is disastrous when you run for president.

In the giant hall the TV and the tote board are now moving in opposite directions: as Dole widens his lead over Clinton in Russell (451 to 72 at the moment) he falls further behind on the TV (204 to 35). What's odd is that, as the night proceeds, it brings with it only the most subtle signs of disappointment. By nine o'clock the few reporters who bothered to turn up have gone. The brief and glorious ability of Russell to project itself onto the world's television screens is rapidly dwindling to nothing; it is the last time that anyone in town will be asked for his opinion by Barbara Walters. Half an hour later—well before Dole concedes—his campaign posters are being stripped from the walls by the man who drove him 75,000 miles during his first Senate race. By the time Dole arrives to tell the world that tomorrow for the first time in his life he has nothing to do, no one in Russell is around to watch. I can't help but wonder if Dole didn't time it to spare the folks back home.

On the way out into the Kansas night I notice a display on the wall, a series of boards that bear the names of the Life Members of the VFW. There on the first board is the small black enamel rectangle bearing the name of Robert J. Dole. There is nothing to distinguish it from the other names; if you knew nothing about politics you'd think Robert J. Dole was just another citizen of Russell. Gold stars adorn several of the surrounding rectangles and it quickly becomes clear that these are the Life Members who have died. The passage of time is a sad thing. We can never return to the green garden of our youth. Fifty years from now all the names on the boards will be decorated with gold stars, and maybe one evening just like this one two people will stumble upon them, and one of them might point to Dole's name and say, "didn't he run for president?" "I don't know," the other will say. "I never heard of him."

Tonight in Russell, Kansas, World War Two finally ended. •

Why Rwanda invaded Zaire.

CAMPED OUT

By David Rieff

Until quite recently, it was generally assumed by both aid workers and the public at large that humanitarian aid, deployed in situations where the need was great and the suffering genuine, would always be a force for good. Of course, no one who was more than passingly familiar with what international aid organizations can and cannot do in a humanitarian crisis believed that disaster relief by itself is an answer. It is no replacement for political engagement, let alone for the long-term economic development that is still the best way of staving off the man-made disasters that beset so much of the poor world. Still, as aid workers justifiably point out, not intervening to alleviate the immediate and terrible human consequences of political catastrophes in places like Kurdistan, Bosnia, Somalia and Rwanda hardly seems like a better alternative.

Now, though, after the renewed fighting of the past three weeks in Rwanda and eastern Zaire, and the ensuing refugee crisis in which more than a million Hutu refugees who fled Rwanda in 1994 have been forced out of their camps into the volcanic hills of North Kivu province, it is becoming increasingly clear that humanitarian aid alone is not just powerless to resolve crises. It can, in fact, make them worse. Indeed, the experience of the past two years in the Great Lakes region may well turn out to be as corrosive to the idea of humanitarian assistance as the experience of Bosnia was to the belief in the efficacy and morality of U.N. peacekeeping.

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From early on, the world's response to the Rwandan tragedy has been shameful. The international community sat on its hands while the genocide took place, and then responded to the resulting refugee crisis not by venturing the kinds of political engagement that might have ensured that the catastrophe not repeat itself but by squandering several billion dollars in a humanitarian aid effort that had not the slightest hope of long-term success. At the very beginning, the refugees needed shelter, clean water and latrines; and the cholera epidemic in the camps had to be brought under control. But this was accomplished within three months, by the end of the summer of 1994. It was what followed that was ill-conceived.

The Zairean refugee camps were never simply places where immiserated "beneficiaries" huddled and awaited assistance. The movement of 2 million Hutus out of Rwanda was as much an organized effort on the part of the old genocidal regime to preserve its power base as it was the result of mass panic or intimidation. Many of the Hutu refugees were either complicit in the genocide or had relatives who were. That is why the pious hopes of international negotiators and aid officials that sooner or later the refugees would return on their own was, to put the best face on it, wishful thinking.

Thanks to help from the French government, which briefly sent troops into southwestern Rwanda in the immediate aftermath of the genocide, the leadership of the old Rwandan regime—the architects of the mass murder—managed to escape into Zaire and to bring their army and most of the members of Interahamwe, the militant Hutu militia, with them. The camps into which they fled were literally within sight of Rwanda (according to UNHCR norms, such camps are not supposed to be any closer than a hundred kilometers to the country the refugees have fled) and soon became, in effect, the rear echelon for the old government's effort to regain power. The camps were used as military training grounds, as political centers and as bases for launching guerrilla raids into Rwanda—attacks whose intensity increased the longer the camps remained in operation.

For aid workers, the goal was simply to feed as many people as possible, to organize sanitation and to get the public health crisis under control. It was not up to them to make political judgments. Still, they made a crucial mistake by carrying these tasks out with the help of the community structures carried over intact from the old regime. The prefects, burgermeisters and commune heads of the old regime were only too happy to help—partly because they were being paid, but more importantly because control over this humanitarian assistance meant consolidating their control over the refugees. Many aid workers still insist this was the most efficient way of doing things, and on the ground, confronted with an enormous influx of people, they may not have had much choice. "Those people may be murderers, but working through them we saved a great many more lives than we would have had we been forced to construct our own structures," a French aid worker at one of the largest camps in eastern Zaire told me.

The UNHCR and the aid workers were, in effect, trapped by their wish to help people in need and their belief that continuing this mission superseded any other consideration. The camps were full of armed soldiers, and no foreign power was willing to send troops into eastern Zaire to disarm them. The aid workers were therefore faced with the choice of either collaborating with the old regime or withdrawing.

By the end of 1994, after several months of internal debate, a number of the most important private aid groups—notably the International Rescue Committee and the French section of Doctors Without Borders—did come to the conclusion that they were being used. They realized that, however inadvertently, they had become logisticians to the Hutu war effort. But the withdrawal of these agencies did not lead to a change in international policy. The UNHCR itself could hardly withdraw in the midst of an ongoing refugee emergency, and donor countries continued to provide the more than $1 million a day required to operate the camps. In the meantime, the Hutu forces grew stronger and the security situation within Rwanda more unstable.

For two years, this was how it stood. In fairness, there were a number of diplomatic initiatives undertaken during this period, notably that of the European Commission's special envoy to the Great Lakes region, the Italian diplomat Aldo Ajello. A senior USAID official named Dick McColl also devoted a great deal of effort to coming up with a solution. And yet, whatever urgency these men may have felt personally, their anxieties were clearly not shared by their superiors either in Brussels or in Washington. For her part, Sadako Ogata, the U.N. high commissioner for refugees, contented herself with repeating on a number of occasions that the camps needed to be moved but refusing to set a timetable.

Moving refugees would have been expensive, with estimates ranging as high as $400 million. It would have required military force to counter Hutu resistance. And unfortunately, with no prospect of a foreign military deployment either by one of the Western powers or by some consortium of African states (Nelson Mandela turned down Warren Christopher's last-minute attempt to interest the South African government in such a force just a few weeks before the current fighting began), the only possibility was the Zairean military. Zaire, though, is scarcely a state, and its soldiers, most of whom have not been paid in years, are little more than looters with berets and assault rifles, fearsome to a civilian but no match for an armed adversary. If that is not enough, Zairean officials are widely assumed to have been selling arms to the Hutu formations in the camps. Whatever diplomats like Ajello, or the UNHCR's assistant high commissioner, Sergio Vieira de Mello, might have hoped, the idea of using these soldiers to help assure security while the camps were moved away from the Rwandan border was always a preposterous notion.

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At any rate, it was opposed by many UNHCR officials in the region itself. Their view was that such a step would compel the refugees to return to Rwanda and thus contradict the UNHCR's humanitarian mandate to offer protection. These anxieties were real enough. The Rwandan government has been holding in detention some 82,000 people suspected of involvement in the genocide. Many more in the Zairean camps would certainly have been arrested had they returned, whether on trumped-up charges, as many UNHCR officials feared, or on legitimate charges of genocide.

What is astonishing is that the international negotiators seem to have imagined that the Rwandan government would simply accept this status quo indefinitely. Indeed, UNHCR pressed the Rwandans hard to make new concessions, demanding at one point that there be a commitment to "confidence-building" measures for the refugees. From the Rwandan point of view, of course, this was tantamount to a demand that the victims of the genocide somehow move toward a historic compromise with those who had perpetrated it. In any case, the Rwandans had no reason to trust the international community. They remembered all too well that the people who were calling on them to make concessions served the same governments and institutions that had stood by while the genocide took place.

Nonetheless, for two years the Rwandans waited for something to be done, all the while warning anyone who would listen that their patience was not infinite. They made no secret of their anger at the fact that the international community was spending far more money on refugee camps in Zaire controlled by the perpetrators of the genocide than it was on rebuilding Rwanda, though in the immediate aftermath of the genocide the U.S. and the European Union had made extravagant promises of help. They also made no secret of their belief that the plan being circulated to resolve the crisis, which had been crafted out of proposals put forward by McColl, Ajello and UNHCR, and finally presented as a "UNHCR Discussion Paper on a Comprehensive Approach to Promote Repatriation of Rwandan Refugees," was unworkable, though, under intense pressure, they had agreed to it.

Astonishingly, the international negotiators were trumpeting this UNHCR document as a step forward, even though it offered no commitment to close down the camps completely, only to close some, gradually, and left enforcement to the government of Zaire. This Zairean force—totaling 2,500 for 1.2 million refugees—was to be responsible not only for the security of the international repatriation effort but, incredibly, for "measures to dissolve ... the état-major of the former Rwandan army and dismantle their military facilities."

The framers of the document acknowledged that "only through a comprehensive approach encompassing security, justice, political and humanitarian considerations can this problem be effectively resolved." They did not seem to understand that they had not come up with such an approach.

For the Rwandan government this discussion paper was apparently the final straw. Scarred by the experience of the genocide, which had been stopped in the end not by the actions of the international community but by action on the battlefield by the forces of Rwandan Patriotic Front, the Rwandans decided to take matters into their own hands. "They saw that grotesque paper and realized that after all these months of negotiations this was all the international community was going to do," a Pentagon official told me, "and they thought, to hell with this, we'll deal with the situation ourselves."

The Rwandan government had a pretext—the decision by the Zairean government to expel the Banyamulenge, ethnic Tutsis of Rwandan origin who had been living in Zaire for more than two centuries, from their homes in South Kivu province. Six months earlier, ethnic Tutsis in the Masisi region of North Kivu had been expelled by Zairean troops and Rwandan Hutus acting in concert. The international community deplored this act, of course, and did nothing. So when a similar campaign was launched against the Banyamulenge, the Rwandans, who, it seems, had been arming them secretly for months, struck and struck hard. Not only did Banyamulenge fighters, backed (though this is still denied by the Rwandan authorities) by regular Rwandan troops, drive the Zairean army out of much of South Kivu, but other forces backed by Rwanda struck in the north, seizing Goma, North Rivu's principal city. At the same time, the attackers bombarded the refugee camps.

The Hutu refugees fled the onslaught, abandoning camp after camp. This, along with the creation of a Tutsi-dominated buffer zone along its western border, seems to have been what the Rwandans had planned from the beginning. For, in effect, they have now accomplished, quickly and brutally, what was said to be impossible—the breakup of the refugee camps and the destruction of the hostile "Hutuland" that had sat on Rwanda's border since the end of the genocide. The human consequences of this desperate act are atrocious. One million refugees are on the move, this time with little hope of receiving humanitarian aid soon since they are moving away from Rwanda, deeper into Zaire. And yet the Rwandans insist they had no choice, and it is hard to disagree with them. The international community was asking them to commit, as one official in Kigali put it recently, "slow motion suicide." And, he added, they had not survived a genocide only to do that.

For the international community, of course, the result of the Rwandan action is a radical threat to the stability of Zaire—a political development that cannot be ignored in the way that the Rwandan crisis has been ignored. Those who were indifferent to the genocide, and insisted that it was too difficult to move the camps, and who used the humanitarian effort as an excuse for inaction, are now facing a crisis far larger and more intractable than the one they faced in Rwanda. Solving a general crisis in the Great Lakes region will be horribly difficult and costly; it may not even be possible. And, this time, the diplomats will not be able to hide behind their humanitarian alibi. •

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THE HARD QUESTIONS

Mission creep

Among the important issues hardly mentioned in this campaign—health care, economic inequality, job flight, campaign financing, education reform, the $4 billion military mission to Bosnia—was NATO's expansion to Eastern Europe. Admittedly this is not an issue that disturbs the sleep of many Americans. But beneath the popular radar, it has won the support of a small band of influential policymakers. And, if they push it through, it could provoke the most severe conflict between Russia and the West since the end of the cold war.

Bill Clinton, with Bob Dole's enthusiastic approval, has promised to bring in several new members over the next few years: most likely Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic and Slovakia. And he is holding open the door for more countries, assuming the Balkans calm down, neo-Stalinist "market democracies" like Romania and Bulgaria tidy up their image, and the West Europeans help pay the bills. Presumably, NATO will one day include even the Baltic states (which are furiously lobbying for entry) and maybe Ukraine. But not Russia—that would defeat the whole purpose of the club.

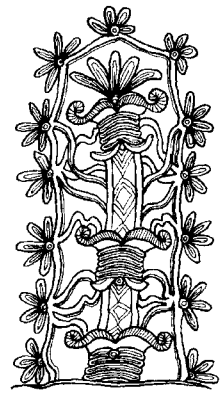
Yet isn't the cold war over? Aren't we supposed to be bringing the Russians into our democratic capitalist treehouse rather than locking them out? Yes, but. East Europeans and their advocates argue that they feel like second-class citizens. What's more, they don't trust Russian capitalists any more than they did Soviet commissars. Understandably, the thought of being wrapped in Uncle Sam's warm embrace, and showered with shiny new high-tech weapons, thrills them.

But the Poles, Czechs and Hungarians certainly don't intend to foot the $125 billion bill that the Congressional Budget Office estimates it will take over the next fifteen years to bring new members up to NATO standards. Getting paid to be protected is a good deal. Who wouldn't want in to the most powerful military alliance in the history of the world?

Expansion skeptics offer several objections. First, to invite some East European states while others, poorer and further east, are left out, wouldn't create a united Europe—it would create new barriers. Second, it would oblige the U.S. to spend huge sums of money against a Russian threat that does not now exist and would automatically involve us in any future Bosnia-style war in the region. Is a threat to Pinsk the same as a threat to Paris? And then there's the reaction from Russia.

Expansion would fan the phobias of nationalists and militarists in Russia humiliated by their country's fall from power and convinced that Russia's traditional enemies want to turn it into a vassal state. Given Boris Yeltsin's precarious hold on power, NATO expansion could even sweep Russia's reformers out of office. Would a new regime carry out existing arms reduction treaties, let alone sign new ones?

What's the rush? There's no immediate military reason to enlarge NATO, and there is time to do so should the Russians start misbehaving. Indeed, threatening to bring in new members might be enough to induce mannerly Russian behavior. Paradoxically, we are pushing NATO expansion precisely because the Russians currently threaten no one but themselves. Were they really menacing, we would never provoke them in this way. NATO expansion is feasible because it is militarily unnecessary.



So what's driving this? First, the Western Europeans are under pressure to do something about their eastern neighbors, who feel locked out. The logical thing would be to invite them into the rich man's club, the European Union. This would beef up their economies, encourage democratization and help erode their historical suspicion of one another. But Brussels balks. To bring these poor cousins up to standard would require unending subsidies. Consider the colossal bill the Germans are paying for reunification, or the steady flow of money from rich northern European countries to poorer Mediterranean ones. Expansion would bust the E.U.'s agriculture budget. Eliminating border controls would flood the West with immigrants. Such fears would scuttle further economic and political integration of existing members. "Broadening" Europe would bury hopes of "deepening" it, and without this deepening, Germany might unhinge itself from France. Nobody, not even most Germans, wants this. Thus the Western Europeans, needing a bone to throw to the old Warsaw Pact nations, tell them to join NATO. Let the Americans have the headaches.

Luckily for Brussels, Washington is willing. To be sure, everyone understands that a military alliance cutting Europe in half no longer makes sense; NATO is as obsolete as the Warsaw Pact. But no one will let go. Its European members say it provides insurance against Russia and whisper that it provides insurance against Germany as well. American protection also allows the Europeans to cut their own military budgets, which they have been doing. No wonder that France, less cocky after Germany's unification, has come back into NATO's fold.

And American officials want NATO as much as the Europeans. It permits the U.S. a major hand in European affairs. It dissuades the Germans from leaning too far east and the Europeans in general from "renationalizing" their foreign policies and resuming old rivalries. Dependency helps the U.S. enlist European support for interventions in other parts of the world, like Asia and the Middle East. It gives America a leg up in trans-Atlantic trade battles. And, of course, it keeps Russia at bay.

For all these reasons, NATO, which was on the verge of irrelevance, has been given a new job description and a new lease: Eastern Europe. Expansionists assume that Moscow can be bought off with sweet talk and some loans, that Congress will ratify the admission of new members without looking closely into the fine print, and that there will be no unpleasant Yugoslav-style wars to scare the American public from becoming the peacekeepers for eastern Europe.

They're probably right. A bigger NATO is likely because nobody is paying much attention, and because the bills won't come due until later. There's something for everyone: club membership for the Eastern Europeans, less pressure on the Western Europeans to admit them into the E.U. and confirmation for Washington policymakers that they do in fact run the world. It's irresistible: a bad idea whose time has come.

The irony is that to expand NATO is to undermine the binding pledge of automatic help in case of attack. It's one thing to stand united against the Soviets. But who wants to be dragged into a war over ethnic or border disputes in Eastern Europe? Now an integrated military alliance, the new NATO will be watered down to an old-fashioned security pact. If the operation succeeds, the patient is likely to expire.

RONALD STEEL

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

A Lost Leader

All biographical films are born to some trouble; some biographical films are born to a lot of it. When it was announced that the life of Michael Collins would be filmed, it was obvious that storms would break, especially in Britain and Ireland. **Michael Collins** (Warner Bros.) has arrived, and so have the storms. Some Irish nationalists attack the film because it exalts the man whose peace treaty helped to create a divided Ireland. But in London the *Daily Telegraph* blasted it in an editorial that said the publicity "might just as well have been supplied by Sinn Fein's propaganda department," that the picture is "a glorification of 'righteous' violence" and an "exercise in corporate irresponsibility." All of this discussion avoids or overlooks a fundamental trouble with *Michael Collins*. As a *film* it's a big disappointment.

The media exude the impression that, though one may quarrel with this or that aspect of Neil Jordan's screenplay, he has nonetheless made a strong and lively film. For me, the execution of the picture is so weak, so imitative, so facile that it makes all the thematic discussion seem idle. Of course any film on such an inflammatory subject must cause some comment, but that discussion seems top-heavy when the film itself is as flaccid as this one.

Jordan's directing career gave no promise that he could handle this large subject, and he has certainly kept that non-promise. An Irishman long eager to deal with Collins, Jordan made his way to this picture through one passable piece of work, *The Crying Game*, and a heap of weakly ambitious trash—*Interview with the Vampire, We're No Angels, High Spirits* and *Mona Lisa*. Nothing in his past hinted that he had any grasp of the large-scale, of drama whose very size, literally and otherwise, is a component of its possible poetry. Devoid of any iota of this bardic quality, Jordan has put this story on the screen in much the same mechanical, basically unimagined manner as that of countless Hollywood epics—for instance, *Rob Roy*, the last vehicle of his present star, Liam Neeson.

Michael Collins is seen only in the most conventional ways: the long shot punctuated by the entrance of an immense close-up; the reliance on silhouettes for "beauty"; the lumpy hemstitching from one action sequence to the next, instead of organic cumulation; the attenuated intercutting (in two long sequences) of violence and serene moments. (Murder is intertwined with glimpses of a bride's fitting of her gown, for instance.) This device wasn't new when Coppola used it in *The Godfather*; now its familiarity seems a sign of a director's desperation.

Some of Jordan's colleagues don't come off much better. The sound recordist, Kieran Horgan, has managed the soundtrack so poorly that, even with a Dolby Digital system, the dialogue is sometimes incomprehensible. The cinematographer, Chris Menges, twice Oscar'd though he may be, has suffused the film with a palette that would have been peachy for a travelogue. Elliott Goldenthal's score is often mercilessly banal—and doesn't omit that far-off heavenly choir singing wordless choruses under bloodshed.

All these matters, as far as I've seen, have only been skimpily discussed in the general trembling before the advent of a "serious" film. As for the screenplay, the objections to it have largely been historical or ideational, but again the real trouble is artistic. The basic flaw, and damning it is, is that no one can truly understand this film in its characters or its action without having read something on the subject. (If the film were more lucid, some of the objections to it would be stronger, but it would seem much less coarsely propagandistic.)

Who is Collins? The picture saith not. For instance, who would know from this film that he spent nine years in London before we meet him, in various jobs, training in off-hours for insurgent military service? He simply jumps bang into this film—at the siege of the Dublin Post Office in April 1916—as a movie hero without antecedents or grounded beliefs. This time he's an Irish hero instead of a Scottish or French or American one. If we knew that Eamon De Valera had been an obscure mathematics teacher, wouldn't that have added pathos and dignity to the conviction with which he became president of the still non-existent republic? Who paid for the Irish revolution? Where did these ordinary people get the money for weapons, for cars, for hotel suites and so on? If some texture of character and provenance had been

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Everyone Says I Love You. *Terrific 1930s songs, brightly deployed, with dancing to match, make this Woody Allen's best. Set in Manhattan, Venice and Paris today, all pleasantly exploited. (Reviewed 11/11/96)* **Secrets & Lies.** *Mike Leigh's evocative directing leads his cast to fulfillment of a perhaps too tidy script. In London a young black woman learns that her biological mother is white. (9/30/96)* **Shine.** *A true story, done with actors. A talented young Australian pianist goes to London to study, against his father's orders; is turned into a neurotic through internal conflict; then works his way out. Stranger—and more moving—than most comparable fiction. (11/18/96)* **Small Wonders.** *An irresistible documentary about a New York woman who teaches violin in three East Harlem schools—with astonishing and genuinely thrilling results. (11/4/96)*—**SK**

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woven into the film, it might not so quickly have degenerated into a succession of fights leavened with moments of romance and jollity.

Jordan says that he wrote this screenplay for Liam Neeson in 1983 and has been waiting for the chance to bring the two together. Wonderful prospect; terrible waste. Neeson, a marvelous actor, is made to spend most of his time bursting into rooms to shake up torpid meetings, slamming men back against walls when they disagree with or disappoint him, and smugly unleashing his physicality on a woman who appeals to him. In short, he is constrained to give an old-fashioned Anthony Quinn performance in which he seems to be saying, "You can see I'm a great big bear of a fellow, so you'll understand why I have no time for character nuance, only for muscles and glands."

And almost everyone else in the cast has a role so sketchily written that nothing like a whole performance can result. Julia Roberts is Kitty Kiernan, the woman whom Collins was most interested in (there were other such interests, not shown in the film), who is also loved by Harry Boland, Collins's best friend. Roberts looks lovely in her costumes and hats, but her role is just a bright ornament on a dark background. Boland, done by Aidan Quinn, is flavorless. The only two actors who put some stamp of authenticity on their roles are Stephen Rea, as a quiet clammy informant for the Irish rebels who works in a British office in Dublin, and Alan Rickman, as De Valera, who is at least a recognizable individual.

De Valera's part in Collins's fate is only hinted at. After five years of bloody action and counteraction, the British called for a truce and were willing to discuss a treaty; and De Valera chose Collins, who had no diplomatic experience, to head the Irish mission to London. De Valera conceded that he wanted negotiations to develop to the point where he could step in and conclude them. What isn't said, isn't provable, but haunts the affair is the thought that De Valera might have been setting up Collins to take the rap if that treaty didn't grant complete independence to all of Ireland, not even to the so-called Free State. De Valera was the leading figure in the Republican party, some of whose members apparently killed Collins for "selling out"; but it's also true that, as the film does not show, De Valera was distraught when he heard of the murder.

Collins was killed on August 22, 1922. By strange happenstance, just three days earlier, he had dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw, who were visiting the Free State. (Collins was an avid reader of Shaw.) On August 24, back in London, Shaw wrote to Collins's sister, Johanna:

> Don't let them make you miserable about it: how could a born soldier die better than at the victorious end of a good fight, falling to the shot of another Irishman—a damned fool, but all the same an Irishman who thought he was fighting for Ireland...? I met Michael for the first and last time on Saturday last, and am very glad I did. I rejoice in his memory, and will not be so disloyal to it as to snivel over his valiant death. So tear up your mourning and hang up your brightest colors in his honor.

Yes, it's a condolence very much in the broad spirit of the times; but it implies a sense of heroic fatalism that Jordan's film never approaches. •

With God on Their Sides

BY ISTVAN DEAK

The Bridge Betrayed: Religion and Genocide in Bosnia by Michael A. Sells

(University of California Press, 244 pp., $19.95)

The Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina: Their Historic Development from the Middle Ages to the Dissolution of Yugoslavia edited by Mark Pinson

(Harvard University Press, 207 pp., $14.95)

Was it genocide that occurred in Bosnia between 1992 and 1995? Were the Serbs and the Croats who attacked the Muslims motivated mainly by religious nationalism? Did their "crusade" form a part of the worldwide revival of religious fanaticism?

Michael Sells answers all these questions in the affirmative, and the learned contributors to *The Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina*, a compilation of historical essays arranged chronologically, support Sells's argument by pointing to historical developments that led to the recent Bosnian horrors. It is a pity that these two volumes did not appear a few years earlier, when the Serbian and Croatian rape of Bosnia and Bosnian Muslims was in full swing. Not that these books, or any books, would have affected events, of course, but at least they could have served as a clarion call against the unspeakable crimes committed by Christians against their Muslim neighbors, relatives and friends.

Over the last year or so, a few American-led NATO bombing raids have put a stop, at least temporarily, to the Serbs' anti-Muslim campaign. The chief war criminal, President Slobodan Milosevic of Serbia, has successfully transformed himself into an apostle of peace. The Serb forces in Bosnia and Croatia, supplied by that of Rump Yugoslavia, have suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Croatian army. And hundreds of thousands of Serbs have been driven out of their ancestral homes in Croatia. Now that Serbia is floundering in a political, moral and economic morass, in sum, it is no longer easy to recall that it was the Serbian government that started the war in Bosnia in April 1992, and that one of the worst crimes against humanity since the Holocaust took place in Europe before the eyes of hundreds of millions of irresolute Europeans.

Sells is the head of the department of religion at Haverford College and his mother is a Serbian American. The authors of *The Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina* are some of the leading specialists on Balkan affairs. These books are not born of partisan prejudice, but there is no denying the passion that motivates them. Sells has produced a very angry book; and some of the contributors to *The Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina* occasionally grow sentimental over Bosnian culture. Sells makes his thesis clear in the preface to the book:

> Genocide has occurred. It has occurred with the acquiescence of Western governments, in violation of the United Nations Charter and the Geneva Convention on Genocide of 1948. It has been motivated

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and justified in large part by religious nationalism, fueled financially and militarily from Serbia and Croatia, and grounded in religious symbols. And the primary victims have been Bosnian Muslims, selected for destruction because of their religion.

The rest of his book is devoted to proving these contentions.

Despite what many politicians and journalists would like us to believe, the recent Bosnian horrors did not originate from "age-old ethnic hatreds." As these books explain, what happened was something more concrete and contemporary: during the last few years Christians in former Yugoslavia have waged a religious war against non-Christians. Ironically, the instigators of this crusade were a group of secular former communist Croatian and Serbian party officials and academics who were motivated, in the case of the academics, by a murderous nationalism and, in the case of party officials such as Slobodan Milosevic of Serbia or Franjo Tudjman of Croatia, by a desire for power. The war was not applauded in Europe, but Europe also took no serious steps to stop it. And after considering the argument and the evidence in these books, it is no longer possible to deny that one reason for the inaction of Europe was that this was a Christian campaign against Muslims.

The histories of Bosnia that these books provide are nearly identical in their thrust, combating along the way the many preconceived notions and misjudgments that have emerged as part of the West's efforts to explain away the failure of NATO and the U.N. to act. The authors explain that Bosnia has been a territorial and administrative entity without any great political influence since the Middle Ages. Its medieval rulers and nobility were rather indifferent to religion, and this indifference allowed the Catholic, Eastern Orthodox and Bosnian churches to live together in relative peace. The Bosnian Church was not, as I myself had tended to believe, a refuge for a heretic sect called the Bogomils, located mainly in what is today Bulgaria. The Bogomils embraced Manichean beliefs, advocating the duality of Good and Evil. The Bosnian Church, by contrast, was but a mildly different version of Western Christianity.

But this ecclesiastical affinity did not prevent some of Bosnia's neighbors, especially the kings of Hungary, from launching a few unsuccessful crusades against the Bosnian Church, with papal blessing. Amazingly, as John Fine notes, the Catholic sector of fifteenth-century Bosnia was virtually bereft of priests, except for a few dozen Franciscans. The Franciscan order would later play an important and, during World War II, an often murderous role in Bosnia, which became the borderland between Western and Eastern Christianity.

The Ottomans conquered Bosnia late in the fifteenth century and added another religion to the colorful palette of local religious denominations. Yet it is wrong to believe, as I myself had tended to believe, that it was mainly members of the persecuted Bosnian Church or the Bogomils who had converted to Islam. Instead, Islam appeared attractive to all sorts of non-Muslims. The Ottomans built much in the region—witness their beautiful mosques, bridges and schools, now nearly all in ruins, thanks to the dynamite of Serbs and Croats—and they were more tolerant of other religions than Western Christianity. In fact, the first to destroy Sarajevo were not the Ottoman Turks but the great Habsburg commander Eugene of Savoy, who reached the city, in the course of the last Christian crusade against the Ottomans, on October 22, 1697. The Field Marshal noted in his logbook: "The city is big; it is completely open, and it contains 120 handsome mosques." Following a peremptory call for surrender, which the Sarajevans had no chance to obey, Eugene ordered the annihilation of the city: "We have burned the city as well as its environs to the ground. Our troops ... brought in booty, including women and children." The Field Marshal then ordered that no mosques be constructed in Sarajevo.

Fortunately for the inhabitants, the Ottomans soon reconquered the city, and Orthodox as well as Catholic churches were able to function there, along with mosques. In the course of centuries under Ottoman rule, many South-Slav-speaking members of the Bosnian Church, as well as many Catholics and Orthodox, embraced Islam, often out of opportunism. Although they enjoyed a somewhat privileged position, the converts remained South Slavs in language and culture. It is an outrage that Croatian and Serbian propagandists proclaim that, while Slavic Christians had been in the region for more than a thousand years, the Muslims arrived only with the Ottoman conquest in the fifteenth century, and that therefore it is time for the Muslims to go "home." In reality, the Slavic ancestors of the Bosnian Muslims, as much as those of Orthodox Serbs or Catholic Croats, have been in the Balkans since the seventh century.

The conversions (and the not-so-rare reconversions) had much to do with economic and social advantage, but they had nothing to do with nationality, which was an unknown concept in the region until the nineteenth century. Then things changed rapidly under the influence of South Slav intellectuals, who simultaneously promoted the concepts of Yugoslav unity and of separate Catholic-Croat and Orthodox-Serb identities. The impetus came from the Napoleonic armies that occupied the region early in the nineteenth century, creating a united "Illyrian" province under French rule, as well as from the teaching of Johann Gottfried Herder and other, mostly German advocates of ethnicity. Herder believed that man was a social being who could develop his individual qualities only as the member of a nation, and that the diversity of peoples was necessary for the development of humanity as a whole. Even the often subjugated "lowly" Slavs, he felt, should be encouraged to find their identity through the cultivation of tradition and language. He exhorted the Slavs:

> You too, people, who have sunk to such depths from your once happy state, will finally awake from your long and lazy sleep and will, freed from your chains of slavery, enjoy as your property your lovely regions from the Adriatic Sea to the Carpathian Mountains, from the Don to the Mulda [the Moldau], able to celebrate there your old feasts devoted to the glorification of peaceful diligence.

In 1878, Bosnia and Herzegovina (Bosnia's sister province to the south) came under the rule of the Habsburg Emperor Franz Joseph. The Austro-Hungarian authorities greatly modernized the two provinces, but this did not stop the growth of anti-Habsburg nationalisms in the region. Greater-Serbian agitation led to the assassination in Sarajevo of Archduke Franz Ferdinand on June 28, 1914, which in turn led to World War I and, among other things, to the utter devastation of Serbia. In the interwar years, the tomb of the assassin Gavrilo Princip, a Bosnian Serb high-school student, became the site of official celebrations and popular pilgrimages, testifying to the growing madness of many Serbs. That madness had its counterpart, incidentally, in the madness of many Croats. When the day of the Croats came, during World War II, the Croatian nationalist Ustasha regime engaged in murderous behavior against Serbs and Jews, which was matched only by the murderousness of its German sponsors.

Ustasha atrocities, committed in the name of nationalism and Catholicism by Croatian fascist politicians, Franciscan monks and ordinary Croats, are one of the better-known horrors of World War II. But it is less well known that at least as

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many (if not more) Croats fought in the ranks of Tito's Partisan army, and that Tito himself was a Croat. During World War II, the multiethnic and multireligious Yugoslav Communist army successfully combated both the pro-Nazi Ustasha and the anti-Nazi Serbian nationalist Chetnik forces. During the recent Bosnian conflict, American politicians and military commanders from General Colin Powell on down conjured up the mythical image of the "Invincible Serbian Warrior," mainly to justify their refusal to intervene militarily in Bosnia. This image conflated the far-from-invincible Serbian Chetniks with the internationalist Yugoslav Partisans, whose ranks contained many others besides Serbs. A little over a year ago, to almost everyone's surprise, the not-much-better disciplined or dedicated Croatian army utterly defeated the Serbian forces in Bosnia and Croatia.

After World War II, Bosnia-Herzegovina became one of the nominally sovereign states in the Communist Yugoslav federation. The federation was held together by the prestige and the will of Tito, the threat of a Soviet invasion, the protective nuclear umbrella of the United States and relative prosperity. All this unraveled after Tito's death in 1980, the end of the cold war and the crisis of the Yugoslav socialist economy. By 1987, Serbian public opinion had grown increasingly indignant, not completely without justification, over the growing nationalism of the Albanian majority in the still-Bosnian province of Kosovo within the Serbian republic. The indignation, fueled by leaders of the Orthodox Church and Belgrade's most prominent academics, was exploited by the Communist functionary Slobodan Milosevic.

Milosevic whipped up xenophobic sentiments in order to establish his own charismatic rule in Serbia. Increasingly ignored by the Communist bosses of the different republics, the Yugoslav federal government collapsed in 1991, when Croatia and Slovenia declared their independence. The war between Croatia and Yugoslavia, or what was left of the latter, forced the Bosnians to make a decision. Rather fearfully, they, too, opted for independence. This caused Serb nationalists in Bosnia to break away from the Sarajevo government. The Bosnian war-within-the-war began in 1992, accompanied by immediate "ethnic cleansing."

The Serbian atrocities, and to a lesser extent the Croatian atrocities, committed in Bosnia between 1992 and 1995 are graphically described by Sells. Yet an enumeration of horrors is not Sells's primary goal. Rather, he wishes to awaken the world to the religious character of the conflict. Like the scholars in *The Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina*, Sells insists that far from all Bosnian Serbs have been involved in the atrocities, and that the tendency of many outsiders to see all Serbs as fanatics is completely unjustified. Both books remind us of how unwilling ordinary Serbs have been to join the army. Not all Bosnian Serbs are on the side of Radovan Karadzic, another indicted war criminal. And Sells offers numerous examples of Bosnian Serbs killed by Serbian nationalist terrorists for trying to protect Muslims or for protesting the atrocities.

In 1993, in the middle of the war, the government of Bosnia consisted of nine Muslims, six Serbs and five Croats. One third of the Bosnian Territorial Defense Forces were Serbian, as was their second-in-command. Yet, after the world media assured us countless times that the Bosnian government and army were "Muslim-dominated," and after many Bosnian Muslims have lost faith in the West, what remains of divided Bosnia is indeed becoming "Muslim-dominated." Some Bosnian Muslims have embraced fundamentalist principles, thereby serving as a belated justification for the Serbian and Croatian "preventive" crusades against all Muslims. In reality, however, many Bosnian Muslims, perhaps most Bosnian Muslims, are irreligious or lukewarm in their religious commitments. Since World War II, 30 to 40 percent of all urban marriages in Bosnia have been mixed marriages. This was once an admirable statistic. It is now a heartbreaking one.

The concept of "Muslim" as a nationality stems from Tito, who introduced this statistical category into the national census in 1971, mainly in order to weaken the increasingly aggressive Serbian and Croatian nationalisms in Bosnia. Muslims in other regions of Yugoslavia were still not allowed to declare themselves to be of Muslim nationality. Moreover, as Ivo Banac points out, in Tito's Bosnia one could very well be (and in fact many were) Jehovah's Witnesses by religion and Muslims by nationality, as well as speakers of Serbo-Croatian.

Most of Sells's fine book, again, is an attempt to prove the religious character of the Serbian and Croatian campaigns against the Bosnian Muslims. When, on November 9, 1993, the Croatian national militia, known as the Croatian Defense Council (HVO), destroyed the world-famous Turkish Old Bridge at Mostar, it did so in order to strike a blow at the multi-religious character of the region. As for the Serbs, many among their militia went to war professing to

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hate the Muslims for being Christ-killers. How could Muslims be Christ-killers when their religion was founded six centuries after Christ? It is a good question. The answer to it lies in the ability of some nineteenth- and twentieth-century Serbian nationalists to create popular historical myths.

As Sells makes amply clear, many nationalist and religious folktales allegedly rooted in ancient Serbian tradition are really the creations of modern-day propagandists. Alternately, these propagandists have given some ancient folktales a murderously anti-Muslim twist. The most tragic day of Serbian history, as all Serb nationalists would tell you, was June 28, 1389 (it was actually June 15, according to the old Julian calendar), or Saint Vitus's Day (*Vidovdan*, in South Slavic), when on the field of Kosovo (*Kosovo Polje*, in South Slavic) the army of Sultan Murad destroyed the Serbian army. In Serbian nationalist mythology, the great hero and martyr of the battle was Prince Lazar of Serbia; his betrayer, a Serbian Judas, was Prince Vuk Brankovic; and his avenger was the knight Milos Obilic, who was at first himself accused of being a traitor. Obilic murdered Sultan Murad and was in turn cut down by the Sultan's bodyguards.

Reality, needless to say, had little to do with the nineteenth-century legend. Prince Lazar did genuinely try to stop the Ottoman Turks at the head of a Balkan coalition, and he and Sultan Murad were killed; but the details of these events are somewhat less clear. Many Balkan Christians, including a respectable number of Serbs, participated in the battle on the Ottoman Turkish side. Moreover, great Serbian noble families, including the Lazarevici and the Brankovici, changed sides repeatedly in the fourteenth century and later. So did other European noblemen when they were confronted with Muslim armies in such places as Hungary, the Danubian Principalities and Spain. As a rule, Ottoman Turks were seen as no greater a danger to one's country and to one's personal power than neighboring Christian princes. Note that both the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the proclamation of Yugoslavia's constitution in 1921 took place on Saint Vitus's Day.

In the romantic literature of the nineteenth century, especially in the works of the Montenegrin Bishop Njegos, Prince Lazar became the martyr and the redeemer of the suffering Serbian nation, a veritable Christ-figure. In more than one figurative representation Lazar appears as though seated at the Last Supper, surrounded by twelve apostle warriors. Sells's book contains a reproduction of one of these pictures. In Njegos's epic poem, "The Mountain Wreath," generally held to be the greatest poem in the Serbian language, Serbian warriors massacre the Slavic Muslims, men, women and children; and on their return from the slaughter of these "Turks" or "Turkifiers," the warriors take communion without confession, showing clearly that the killing of such traitors to the race was not a sin. Other pieces of Serbian nationalist literature, including works by the Nobel Prize-winning writer Ivo Andric, are imbued with hatred and contempt for the Ottoman Turks and for the "Turkifiers." In recent years, members of the gangster Arkan's Serbian "Tiger Militia" carried out atrocities in Bosnia, allegedly in response to Muslim depravity and a Muslim plan to annihilate all Serbs: rather than waiting for such an eventuality, the Serbian warriors took preventive action.

Preventive action has been an important item in Serbian nationalist propaganda. Acting in accordance with the established East European tradition, the Serbian media present their country as surrounded by enemies and threatened by a declining birthrate, made all the more worrisome by an allegedly higher birthrate among Bosnian Muslims. A cartoon in the *Literary Gazette*, the official journal of the Association of Serbian Writers, depicts a Muslim and a Catholic cleric arguing over a Serbian baby. (It is reproduced in Sells's book.) The prelate wants to baptize the baby and the Muslim wants to circumcise him;

Self-portrait

Between the computer, a pencil and a typewriter
half my day passes. Some day it will be half a century.
I live in strange cities and sometimes talk
with strangers about matters strange to me.
I listen to music a lot: Bach, Mahler, Chopin, Shostakovich.
I see three elements in music: weakness, power and pain.
The fourth has no name.
I read poets, living and dead, who teach me
tenacity, faith and pride. I try to understand
the great philosophers—but usually just catch
scraps of their precious thoughts.
I like to take long walks on Parisian streets
and watch my fellow creatures, quickened by envy,
anger, desire; to trace a silver coin
passing from hand to hand and slowly
losing its round shape (the emperor's profile is erased).
Beside me trees expressing nothing
but a green, indifferent perfection.
Black birds pace the fields,
waiting patiently like Spanish widows.
I'm no longer young, but someone else is always older.
I like deep sleep, when I cease to exist,
and fast bike rides on country roads when poplars and houses
dissolve like cumuli on sunny days.
Sometimes in museums the paintings speak to me
and irony suddenly vanishes.
I love gazing at my wife's face.
Every Sunday I call my father.
Every other week I meet with friends,
thus proving my fidelity.
My country freed itself from one evil. I wish
another liberation would follow.
Could I help in this? I don't know.
I'm truly not a child of the ocean,
as Antonio Machado wrote about himself,
but a child of air, mint and cello
and not all the ways of the high world
cross paths with the life that—so far—
belongs to me.

ADAM ZAGAJEWSKI

—translated by Clare Cavanagh

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and the second frame shows the prelate gouging out the baby's eyes while the Muslim prepares to circumcise him. The remedy for such alleged atrocities has often been the rape of Muslim women "to plant the seed" of a Christian in a Muslim womb. Serbian propagandists, paid by the government, have been using the language of extreme paranoia. True, many Serbs have resisted this insanity, but more of them from among the common people than from among Serbian intellectuals, literati, academics and Orthodox clergymen.

Sells does not doubt the genocidal (and gynocidal) character of the Serbian, and to a lesser extent Croatian, crusades against the Muslims. The book opens with a description of how, on August 25, 1992, the Serbian army began shelling the National Library of Bosnia-Herzegovina in Sarajevo from positions in the mountains directly in front of it. The shelling did not stop until a "million books, more than a hundred thousand manuscripts and rare books, and centuries of historical records of Bosnia-Herzegovina went up in flames." Next came the turn of the National Museum and other cultural institutions. (The Serb gunners apologized only when their shells accidentally hit the Holiday Inn.) What the Serb artillery missed, the Croatian nationalist militia finished off later. The fundamental ideology behind it all, writes Sells, was Christoslavism, the conviction that Slavs are Christians by nature, and that conversion to Islam was a betrayal of the Slavic race.

Sells, a half-Serb, categorically condemns the behavior of the Serbian political, military and literary elite. Yet he is even more critical, if that is possible, of the United Nations, NATO and the Western political leadership. The Geneva Convention of 1948 demanded that all signatory powers prevent genocide and punish it. Article 51 of the U.N. Charter formally recognized the right of every nation to defend itself. Yet it was the Western powers, urged on by Great Britain, who organized the arms embargo on Bosnia, thus delivering the defenseless Bosnian state to its enemies. Spurred on by a false humanitarianism, Christian leaders and organizations, including the World Council of Churches, opposed both the lifting of the embargo and the use of NATO forces. Supplying humanitarian aid under U.N. control made the U.N. peacekeepers hostages of the Serbs and Croatian forces.

Sells is particularly exasperated with U.N. commanders such as the Canadian General Lewis MacKenzie and the British General Michael Rose, who openly fraternized with the murderer General Mladic and never failed to put obstacles in the way of the Bosnian authorities. Then there is the French colonel who, on January 3, 1993, allowed the Serbian militia to execute Hakija Turaljic. The Bosnian deputy prime minister was traveling between Sarajevo airport and the city in a French armored car. While the French soldiers calmly looked on, a militiaman pointed his gun inside the French car and shot Turaljic dead. There is also the case of the Dutch major with a handlebar moustache and super-martial exterior who, as commander of the Dutch battalion at Srebrenica, an officially declared U.N. "safe haven," toasted General Mladic while the Muslim men of Srebrenica were rounded up and taken away to be murdered. As the major later testified at the trial of war criminals at the Hague, it did not occur to him to ask Mladic where and why the civilians, entrusted to his care, were being taken away. One would like to think that this was due to the Western officers' sympathy for a fellow soldier and their contempt for the amateur soldiery of the Bosnian government. There is the distinct possibility, however, that these officers were under orders not to put too many obstacles in the Serbs' way.

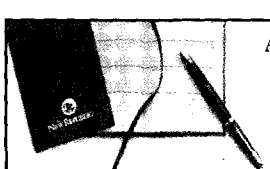
There is one group Sells fails to criticize and which, I think, deserves censure. It is the Serbian intellectual émigrés in the United States and elsewhere who were once unrelenting in their attacks on the Tito regime but have rallied to the Serbian flag in the last few years. They have abandoned the fundamental duty of all intellectual emigration, which is sternly and loudly to remind the regime at home of its responsibilities. To the best of my knowledge, no prestigious Serb abroad ventures to remind the Belgrade government of the untold miseries it has inflicted on the Bosnian Muslims and on its own people.

Is all this an exaggeration? Have Sells and the authors of *The Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina* gone too far in attacking the Serbian and Croatian leadership? To be sure, one should not forget how traumatic for all Serbs was the dissolution of Yugoslavia, which had been governed from Belgrade, or the haste with which Germany and the rest of the Western world recognized the independence of Croatia, Slovenia and Bosnia-Herzegovina. It would be foolish to pretend (as certainly Sells and Pinson and his colleagues know) that the Bosnian government and the Bosnian Muslims have been blameless in this conflict. The fact remains, however, that between 1992 and 1995, as a general rule, Muslims have been the victims and Serbs and Croats have been the victimizers.

If and when the tables are turned, we should hasten to rush to the aid of the Serbs and the Croats. But it is more likely that the past will no longer make much difference, as all three sections of Bosnia gradually pass into the hands of druglords, local bosses and other criminals, who are unlikely to revive a major war that might harm business. Indeed, the moral and economic collapse of Bosnia, once a model of interethnic and interreligious cooperation, is another aspect of this crushing story.

Back in 1992, Margaret Thatcher suggested that NATO airplanes smash the bridges and the railroad lines connecting Rump Yugoslavia with Serbia, thereby interdicting the flow of arms to the Bosnian Serbs. The suggestion was met with derision, mocked as a typical exercise in the Iron Lady's saber-rattling. Today it is hard to resist the thought that a few bombs dropped in 1992 might have spared the region great suffering. They might also have saved Europe and the Christian world from a degradation and a bewilderment whose consequences cannot yet be known.

ISTVAN DEAK is Seth Low Professor of History at Columbia University.



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The Debating Society

By Peter Berkowitz

Democracy and Disagreement: Why Moral Conflict Cannot Be Avoided In Politics, and What Should Be Done About It by Amy Gutmann and Dennis Thompson

(Harvard University Press, 422 pp., $27.95)

The meaning of democracy is both obvious and elusive. It is plain that the great variety of regimes that deserve to be called democratic are, in accordance with the original meaning of the Greek word, regimes in which the people rule; and yet democracies come in all shapes and sizes, since peoples differ, and even the same people can rule themselves in a wide variety of ways. Since the people, like kings and aristocrats, are capable of ruling in foolish and vicious ways, the democratic principle of rule by the people must be supported in practice by opinions about morality, or what is fair and just and good. And since the people, like other rulers, cannot be on the spot everywhere and all at once to formulate policy, to implement legislation and to resolve controversies, democracies are in need of fixed procedures and settled institutions. They also need capable public officials and statesmen to tend to the ordinary tasks of maintaining political society and to the extraordinary events that cannot be specified in advance but can always be counted on to arise suddenly and require immediate action.

Democracy, then, has need of ideas that cannot be derived simply from the idea of democracy itself, ideas that supplement and direct the irreducible element or fundamental principle that marks it off from other kinds of regimes, ideas about morality and the organization of political institutions and offices. The philosophical supplement to democracy in America has been largely provided by liberalism, or a certain variety of liberalism. The fundamental premise of this liberalism is the natural freedom and equality of all human beings. This fundamental premise is discernible in the great debates and authoritative documents that helped found America in the eighteenth century; it was eloquently defended by Abraham Lincoln in the nineteenth century; and amid tremendous growth and dramatic upheavals in economic, social and political life, the logic of liberalism's fundamental premise has been worked out in the twentieth century in the assumption by government of responsibility in underwriting certain of the social and economic bases of equality, and also in the steady extension of civil rights to individuals without regard to race, sex or ethnicity.

It is an error, to which many American thinkers are prone, to conflate liberal democracy with the very idea of democracy itself. What is at issue, however, is not merely the clarity of concepts. There are real disadvantages to democracy that spring from the disposition to disregard or to disguise the opinions about morality and the structure of political institutions that make democracies work. Chief among these disadvantages is the encouragement of a conceit that the democratic spirit is only too ready to embrace: that democracy needs no outside guidance or external support, because all good things come from or are consistent with it. This conceit turns democrats into dogmatists and weakens capacities crucial to democracy's defense. In particular, democratic dogmatism induces a rigidity of imagination, obscures the natural instabilities in democracy and causes democrats to neglect the principles and the practices that can serve as a counterpoise to the extremes to which democracies tend.

No law says the people can rule themselves only in liberal ways. Athens in the fourth century B.C. was a democracy, but it was definitely not liberal. The people ruled, but they did not protect individual liberty or respect human equality. And this was not a failure on the part of the Athenians to live up to their own highest principle in the sense, say, in which Lincoln criticized the institution of slavery in America as a violation of the fundamental belief out of which he argued the nation was conceived. In defending himself before the public assembly against the charges of corrupting the young and disbelieving in the gods of the city, Plato's Socrates protested his innocence, but he did not appear to find it odd or unjust that a democracy should condemn one of its citizens to death for heterodox religious belief. And in his polychromatic portrait of democracy in the *Republic*, Socrates makes vivid the slavishness of soul that can be fostered by the unqualified democratic freedom to do as one pleases, but he does not even bother to mention, much less to condemn, legal slavery, an institution that was an important feature of Athenian democracy and supported citizens' active participation in political life.

To condemn legal slavery as evil, and to justify the extension of citizenship to all individuals, requires a moral principle. Liberalism has supplied this moral principle in this century for democracy in America. But agreement about natural freedom and equality by no means puts an end to conflict in democracy. Many of the controversial issues that democratic citizens face will be primarily technical: how to generate revenues, and distribute goods and services, and defend against external threats. While such questions can produce sharp divisions among citizens, they are not the most difficult or divisive that democracies face. Even in a liberal democracy, the people will encounter perplexing and unruly moral questions, questions about which particular freedoms to protect; what kinds of inequality to eradicate; when to go to war and when to come home from war; which goods and activities to tax and which to protect or encourage by exempting them from taxation; which acts to count as crimes and how to determine and mete out appropriate punishments. Not all democracies must be liberal, but all democracies must devise ways to deliberate about the issues that come before the people, especially the difficult and divisive issues that raise questions about what is fair and just and good.

In political theory these days, no question seems more pressing or more pervasive than the question of how democracy in America can be made more deliberative. Only yesterday it seemed that students of American politics were all "civic republicans," and it appeared that our overriding common concern was how to bolster voluntary associations and to revivify civil society. But today we are all "deliberative democrats." Even communitarian champions of democracy, who blame our present discontents on the liberal dimensions of the American political tradition, call their conception "deliberative" and place at the center of politics the public discussion of fundamental moral principles. At the same time, postmodern political theorists who condemn liberalism as a rigid, repressive and enervating political doc-

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trine that uses the language of rights to curtail freedom and to protect inequality, declare that the public sphere must be opened wide and transformed into a deliberative forum for the testing and contesting of basic beliefs and new experiments in living.

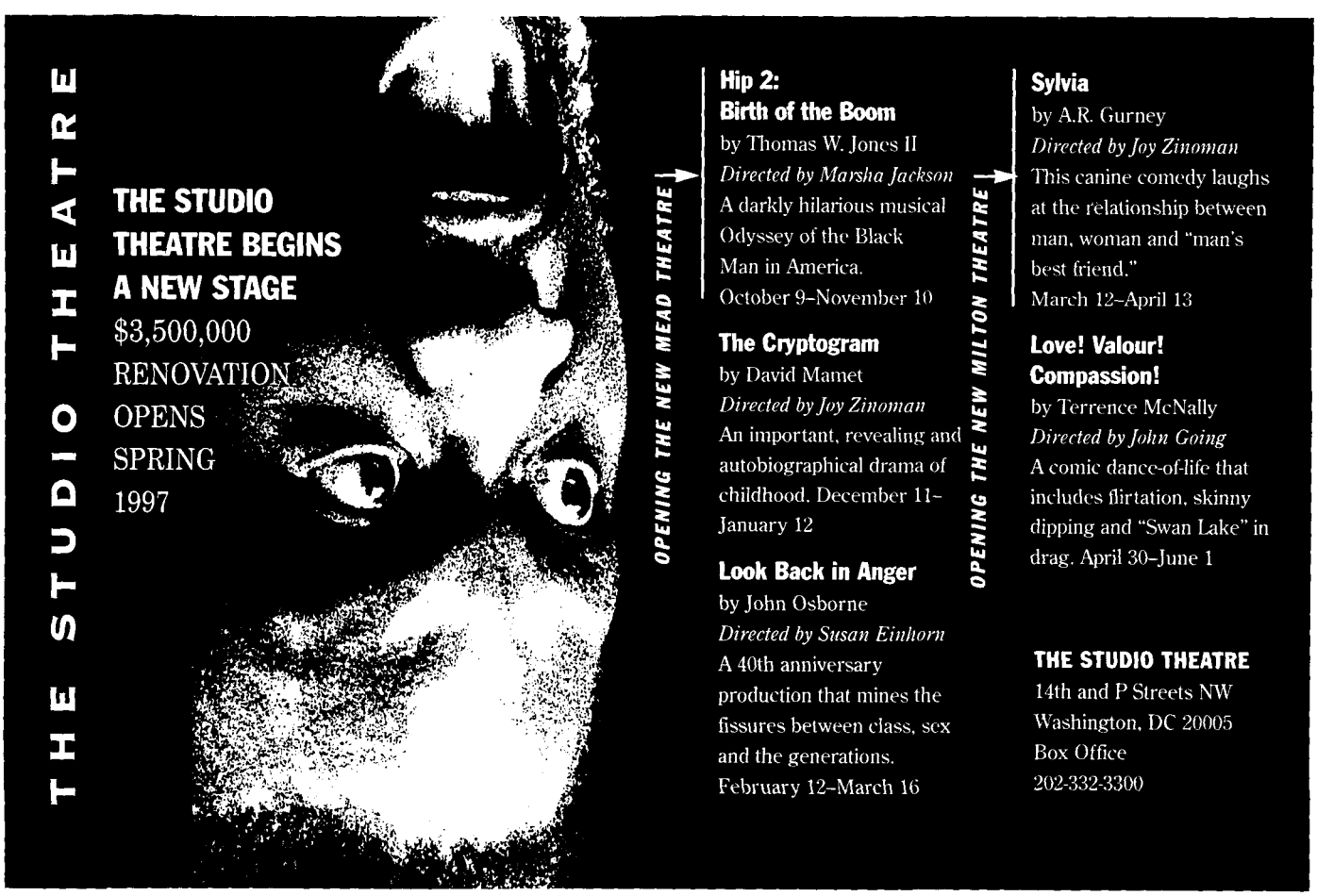
Deliberative democracy is associated above all with the thought of Jürgen Habermas. He believes that the laws under which men and women live should be an expression of open and rational public discussion. This seems to be a decisively democratic model. In practice, though, there is an awkward gap between what is required by "a public use of reason jointly exercised by autonomous citizens" and what actual citizens say in actual public discussion about the actual things that they favor. Since real people seem to disregard or to defy his conception of rationality, Habermas's "discourse theory of democracy" appears sometimes to prefer the rule of rationality to the rule of real people.

Moreover, Habermas's conception of deliberative democracy appears to advance an emphatically formal or procedural ideal: legitimacy springs from how the law is formed and not from the substance of what the law proclaims. But the appearance is misleading. For Habermas holds that it is one of the tasks of government, in particular the task of the courts (the branch most distant from the people), to defend certain kinds of laws, in particular laws that protect the social and political preconditions of deliberation. And substance is entangled with procedure in an additional way in Habermas's account, since deliberative democracy prizes and promotes a particular form of life, one which gives pride of place to principled reasoning in the public sphere. Deliberative democracy à la Habermas, then, represents a particular moral interpretation of democracy; but the grounds of the principles that, in his view, legitimate democracy by making it moral are not at all obvious.

One of the virtues of the conception of deliberative democracy put forward by Amy Gutmann and Dennis Thompson is that it brings into better focus the liberal roots of the aspiration to make democracy in America more deliberative, while clarifying the limits that liberalism imposes on what can be accomplished in a democracy through public discussion of moral issues. Gutmann and Thompson point to the liberal cast of their thought by stating at the outset that "deliberation does not have priority over liberty and opportunity"; but their extended argument on behalf of deliberative democracy does not fully acknowledge the role that liberal principles play for them in defining democracy's agenda and dictating the outcome of democratic deliberation.

In a tone that is moderate, with a commitment to fairness, and driven by a passion for dispassion, Gutmann and Thompson work their way through a variety of vexing public policy issues, such as abortion, health care, surrogacy, welfare reform, affirmative action and preferential hiring. In each case they explore contending moral claims and, bringing empirical evidence to bear on both sides of the argument, articulate practical reforms or prescriptions consistent with the principles of deliberative democracy. For all the attention to concrete cases, it is the principles on which deliberative democracy are based—principles which do not seem to originate in public deliberation and do not appear to depend for their legitimacy on what democratic majorities happen to think about them—that are the key to the entire enterprise. These principles set limits on what kinds of laws democracies may legitimately enact and impose obligations telling democratic citizens and public officials what sorts of public policies they ought to establish.

The idea of deliberation, in other words, is a vehicle by which Gutmann and Thompson subject democracy to regulation by a certain interpretation of morality. For Gutmann and Thompson, what morality is—as opposed to what it may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require in this situation or that—is not very mysterious, not much open to doubt or disagreement. Morality, as they understand it, readily yields six interrelated principles for the government of disagreement in democracy: reciprocity, or the justification of public policy through reasons that can be accepted by those who are bound by it; publicity, or the open and public justification of their actions by officials and citizens; universal accountability, or the accountability of each to all who are bound or may be affected by public decisions; basic liberty, or government's obligation to protect the physical and mental integrity of persons; basic opportunity, or government's obligation to help each citizen secure the bases of a decent life; and fair opportunity, or government's obligation to ensure that all citizens have fair access to highly valued goods such as higher education and desirable jobs.

It is easy to see that these moral principles, which Gutmann and Thompson refer to as "the constitution of deliberative democracy," presuppose the idea of natural freedom and equality, define a particular strain of liberalism and provide moral support for the American welfare state. It takes more work to notice that these principles offer a way of saying that all persons must be respected without ever explaining what makes all persons worthy of respect. And what is downright difficult to understand is the relation between "the constitution of deliberative democracy," by which Gutmann and Thompson place democracy under the rule of morality and which seems to derive its authority from reason, and the Constitution of the United States (about which Gutmann and Thompson say next to nothing), which places democracy under the rule of law and a carefully designed system of political institutions and derives its authority from the people.

The conflicts that exercise Gutmann and Thompson concern, for the most part, differences about what the principles of morality require in concrete moral and political circumstances. The authors do not mean to encourage public dispute about the foundations or the general validity of the principles of morality themselves. Democratic deliberation, as they understand it, does not pertain to the ground of morality or the clash of conflicting worldviews, but to the application to practice of certain moral principles such as "basic liberty," a principle, for example, which they present as virtually self-evident, unassailably reasonable and belonging to the class of "ultimate values." It is difficult to see, though, how a political program that aims to foster public debate about the scope and the implications of moral principles will not provoke daunting and controversial questions about first principles and the greatest good. By proceeding as if the fundamental moral principles that govern deliberative democracy were too obvious to be in need of a reasoned defense, Gutmann and Thompson come awkwardly close to implying that people who disagree with them about the basics, or raise embarrassing questions about the fundamental principles of morality, are crazy or incomprehensible.

Even if agreement about the fundamentally liberal moral vision that they defend were attained, disagreement about its implications would persist, owing to certain features of human life. Gutmann and Thompson recognize this. They argue that the natural scarcity of resources produces disputes about distribution, or who gets what and how much. The limited generosity of human nature permits individuals to pursue what they find pleasant or useful instead of doing what reason proclaims is right. The fact that individuals have incompatible values causes clashes about priorities in private life and public life. And inevitably the incomplete understanding of the complexities of society gives rise to constant misunderstandings, and continually generates reasonable differences of opinion, especially when moral disagreements turn upon complicated empirical questions.

Although they rightly take their egalitarian colleagues to task for blithely supposing that elimination of economic and social inequality among citizens would do away with moral disagreement in political life, Gutmann and Thompson seriously understate those causes of moral disagreement that inhere in human nature. They are too generous in mentioning only the common lack of generosity in human beings. For even the plainest claims of reason are easily rendered inaudible by the pride to stand apart and above, the envy of another's good fortune or good character, the lust for another's love, the desire for dominion over others, the propensity for cruelty and the predilection to take pleasure in the sufferings of others. It is only reasonable to take into account the roaring push and pull of passion—and this goes also for the passion for equality—in determining what portion of political life can be made subject to reason. But the causes in human nature that drown out reason's quiet voice do not much affect the analysis Gutmann and Thompson undertake. This is because they wish to lead their citizen-readers to the conclusions that they ought to reach on the basis of the moral principles that, in their view, underlie legitimate democratic government.

Like many works in the rapidly growing field of deliberative democracy, *Democracy and Disagreement* is for the most part an exercise in moral reasoning. What sets Gutmann and Thompson apart from their fellow deliberative democrats is the methodical manner in which they bring their principles to bear on and illuminate actual controversies; and what distinguishes them from so many of their fellow liberals is that in each case they grasp that reasonable men and women can differ on the difficult and divisive issues of the day. Gutmann and Thompson start from opinions or fragments of opinions actually held by citizens and public officials involved in the controversies under consideration. They proceed to isolate the principles that underlie the conflicting views, search for a common ground or a place where the contending principles overlap or intersect, and then try to articulate conclusions that are "mutually acceptable" to all parties to the controversy, while specifying what questions, owing to the indeterminacy of principles or the ambiguity and incompleteness of evidence, remain to be settled through public discussion.

And yet Gutmann and Thompson do not doubt that moral reasoning issues in substantive conclusions about public policy, and contentious questions of law. Quite the contrary. They see that the question of abortion presents a conflict between the life of the fetus and the liberty of women, but they conclude in effect that abortion should be kept legal, while being made safe for all women and increasingly rare. They see that the debate over welfare reform consists in a struggle between the justified fear that welfare undermines freedom by making citizens dependent on government and government's obligation to provide basic opportunity for all citizens, but they argue in favor of "fair workfare," the view that welfare payments to able-bodied men and women ought to be contingent on work but only so long as government guarantees child support, makes work available and insures a decent wage. They discern in the debate over affirmative action a clash between the principle that positions should go to the most qualified and government's obligation to equalize opportunities for rightly prized goods such as higher education and desirable jobs, but they defend the practice of hiring or promoting less-qualified minorities and women (and in some instances men) as a temporary measure whose purpose is to combat discrimination and to

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create a society in which it is not practiced.

One could quarrel with the range of opinions that Gutmann and Thompson find "morally respectable" and therefore worthy of serious engagement. For example, it is unworthy of them to imply, by declaring that "a moderate pro-life position on abortion" is "worthy of moral respect," that a principled opposition to abortion is disreputable. What kind of guidance for the negotiation of disagreement in democracy, one could wonder, can be derived from a conception that by fiat proclaims unreasonable and places beyond the pale of public discussion the considered and strongly held beliefs of many Catholics, Protestants and Jews, to say nothing of the views of the loyal Democrats who have been made to feel like pariahs in their own party for their principled pro-life positions?

Still, in this day when diversity is on everyone's tongue and toleration is in so few hearts, no thoughtful reader can fail to be impressed by the spectrum of views that Gutmann and Thompson entertain sympathetically and examine critically. What remains curious, though, is just how much of their own deliberation—the refinement of commonly held opinions, the intricate reasoning from distilled moral principles, the sifting and weighing of the latest social science research—takes place without the actual involvement of fellow citizens, in the comfort of the study and the congenial climate of the seminar room; and to what an extent the legitimacy of the substantive conclusions Gutmann and Thompson reach is, from the perspective of their own principles, independent of whether their fellow citizens can be persuaded to endorse them. This is not necessarily a bad thing: moral reasoning can be difficult and moral principles do not seem to owe their validity to changing majority opinion. Yet the extended and vital work done by rigorous abstract moral reasoning in Gutmann's and Thompson's conception of deliberative democracy does raise two very interesting questions: In what sense is their conception deliberative? And in what sense is it democratic?

Gutmann and Thompson argue that democracy is made more deliberative and more democratic by giving moral argument a greater prominence in the political process. But the precision with which they demonstrate the demanding kind of moral reasoning that they believe ought to govern our disputes exposes an aristocratic dimension to their thinking. Hobbes shrewdly criticized democracy as, in effect, an aristocracy of orators. He meant that the public assemblies in which the people or their representatives gather to make decisions will inevitably come to be dominated by the most eloquent and persuasive speakers, those capable of inflaming the people's passions and deflecting attention from what reason requires. Gutmann and Thompson want a democracy in which the people's reason, and not the people's passion, rules. But since reason rarely presents its rulings at first glance and sometimes not even at second thought, reason will rule only where there are rulers who reason well. The problem for democracies, where the people rule, is that not everyone reasons equally well, especially when it comes to detailed and technical matters of law and public policy.

It would be absurd to suppose that in virtually all other activities, from basketball to investment banking, from making friends to influencing people, from playing the violin to fixing automobiles, human beings display varying aptitudes and achieve different levels of excellence, but in the rational deliberation on morality and politics they are all capable of participating with equal force and effect. To make the practice of deliberation the centerpiece of one's conception of democracy is to call attention to the political significance of certain differences among individuals, in particular the qualities of mind and character that enable one to excel at moral reasoning and prevail in public discussions. Of course Gutmann and Thompson desire more participation by the people in the formulation of public policy and the fashioning of decisions that affect their lives. But since their intention is to show how political theory illuminates practice, it is only right that they attend to the practical consequences of placing the accent in democracy on deliberation.

Since it shifts power from the people to the best deliberators among them, deliberative democracy as Gutmann and Thompson conceive it is, in effect, an aristocracy of intellectuals. In practice, power is likely to flow to the deans and the directors, the professors and the pundits, and all those who, by virtue of advanced education, quickness of thought and fluency of speech, can persuade others of their prowess in high deliberative arts. In principle open to all, deliberation, along with its attendant constellation of rights and obligations, functions not only as a means to keep the people from exercising their sovereignty in foolish and vicious ways—say, by making abortion illegal, or by making work a requirement for welfare without providing government guarantees of child care and

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Our program, one of the oldest and most prestigious in the nation, is small (no more than a dozen students admitted in any genre, with all workshops limited to twelve members); very intensive (the master's degree is ordinarily awarded after the academic year of eight courses); and highly competitive (normally sixteen students apply for each spot in fiction and poetry). We are best known for the quality of our graduate workshops. All of these are held in the same small room, which allows through its dusty windows a glimpse of the Charles River. Perhaps the most remarkable such workshop occurred when Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, George Starbuck and Kathleen Spivak gathered for instruction by Robert Lowell – gathered, by the way, less often in that little room than at the Ritz bar. These days, the poetry workshops are run by our permanent faculty of Robert Pinsky and Nobel Laureate Derek Walcott, who also conducts the playwriting workshops, and those in fiction are led by Leslie Epstein, Margot Livesey and Ralph Lombreglia. In addition, our finest graduates, like Anne Sexton and Sue Miller, have returned to direct semester-long workshops, along with such other visitors as C.K. Williams, Charles Simic, John Cheever, Stanley Elkin, and Amoz Oz. Of course our students have about them the resources of a great university. That means they often take courses with a superb faculty in literature that includes, besides the poet Geoffrey Hill and the critics Robert Shattuck and Christopher Ricks, Boston University's two other Nobel Prize winners, Saul Bellow and Elie Wiesel. It is difficult to know how best to measure a student's success or the worth of a program to a writer, we can say that our graduates in each genre have accomplished a good deal. Over the last few years, for instance, our playwrights have won the ABC National Playwriting Prize, the Charles MacArthur Award for Comedy, the theater of Louisville Best One-Act Play Award, first prize in both the 21st Century Playwrights' Festival and the Baltimore Playwrights Festival, and another of our playwrights had a full production with The Naked Angels in New York. Quite recently our graduates in poetry have won the $30,000 Whiting Award, the Barnard New Women Poets Series, a grant from the NEA, the Norma Farber First Book Award from the Poetry Society of America; there have been three winners in three years of the "Discovery"/*The Nation Award*, and two winners of the National Poetry Series. In fiction, our students have won an inordinate share of the Nationwide Henfield Awards. Not a year goes by without a graduate of our program bringing out a novel or book of stories; since her graduation, Sue Miller has published three such volumes and won a good deal of fame, and some fortunes as well. We make, of course, no such assurances. Our only promise, to those who join us, is of a fair amount of time in that river-view room, time shared with other writers in a common, most difficult pursuit: the perfection of one's craft.

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decent jobs, or by mandating color-blind policies in hiring and admissions in societies still marred by discrimination—but also as an instrument to constrain them to rule in fair and just ways.

But then isn't it moral reason and its most accomplished interpreters, rather than the people, who really rule in deliberative democracy? On this question Gutmann and Thompson equivocate. To highlight the ultimate sovereignty of the people, they posit the provisional and revisable quality of morality: "We do not begin with a common morality, a substantial set of the principles or values that we assume we share, and then apply it to decisions and policies.... Rather, the principles and values with which we live are provisional, formed and continually revised in the process of making and responding to moral claims in public life." Yet just a few lines later they affirm democracy's dependence on the ultimate sovereignty of a fixed and unchanging moral principle: "Democracy seems a natural and reasonable way [to live with moral disagreement] since it is a conception of government that accords equal respect to the moral claims of each citizen, and is therefore morally justifiable from the perspective of each citizen." In other words, Gutmann and Thompson wish to claim that the principles of morality are fashioned by the give and take of democratic political life *and* that the give and take of democratic political life must conform to a moral principle that is not fashioned by citizens but binds by nature and in accordance with reason.

A related equivocation can be seen in their discussion of the principle of accountability. By emphasizing that "representatives are first of all accountable to voters," Gutmann and Thompson suggest that public officials must answer to the citizens who elected them, and that therefore in democratic politics the people are the ultimate authority. But by going on to insist that representatives justify their actions from "the moral point of view," that is, by understanding what they call "democratic accountability" in terms of "universal accountability" or accountability to all who in principle might be affected by a law—including foreigners, disadvantaged groups and future generations—they indicate that democratic representatives are accountable in the sense that their actions must meet the test of moral principle. And this implies that logos, not demos, is sovereign.

A third equivocation marks their view that the principle of reciprocity requires that moral disagreements in democracy should be resolved in ways that are "mutually acceptable," that is, "based on reasons that are shared or could come to be shared by our fellow citizens." It would be very useful to know precisely that which is obscured by Gutmann's and Thompson's "are shared or could come to be shared," because dangers to liberty lurk in both alternatives. If what they have in mind is what is "mutually acceptable" in actual fact, then they open the door to small- and large-scale acquiescence to degrading renunciations of liberty and responsibility. If what they envisage is what is "mutually acceptable" in theory, then they commit what Isaiah Berlin in his great essay on liberty called the "monstrous impersonation" by which it is asserted that coercion by a law which is for my good is not coercion but freedom, "for I have willed it, whether I know this or not, and am free (or 'truly' free) even while my poor earthly body and foolish mind bitterly reject it, and struggle against those who seek however benevolently to impose it, with the greatest desperation."

On some occasions Gutmann and Thompson seem to use "mutually acceptable" to refer to those compromises and agreements that parties to a dispute actually do accept. At other times "mutually acceptable" appears to denote those settlements and resolutions which it would be reasonable for rivals to respect, and which they would accept if only they paused from partisan wrangling and self-interested squabbling to consider matters carefully, thoroughly and reasonably. By silently sliding between these two understandings of "mutually acceptable," Gutmann and Thompson can appear to make individual choice the final arbiter of law and public policy, while excluding views upon which individuals agree but which seem to conflict with reason; and they can justify as democratic a variety of opinions that majorities oppose but which reason demands them to adopt.

These three equivocations over whether the people or the dictates of moral reason rule in a deliberative democracy stem from a fundamental equivocation in the heart of the term that Gutmann and Thompson have chosen as defining the morality of democracy. The term "deliberation" comes from a Latin word whose root meaning is to balance or to weigh. In English, "deliberation" can be used in at least two related but distinct senses. It can suggest careful consideration and reflection. In this sense, I can deliberate, in the calm and quiet of solitude, about the candidate for whom I will vote, the career that is right for me, the sacrifices I shall make for love. But deliberation also implies formal consultation or discussion. In this sense, it can only take place with the participation of others who recognize certain procedures or proprieties for the exchange of opinions and the formulation of decisions. Gutmann and Thompson move dizzyingly back and forth between these meanings. By exploiting the ambiguity inhering in the word "deliberation," they can, through the methods of moral reasoning, vindicate countermajoritarian positions as epitomizing democratic self-government, and can sound populist and participatory while preserving the political authority of morality and its expert expounders.

What underlies these equivocations is not so much an embarrassment to acknowledge that democracy depends on a certain degree of virtue and wisdom, but a failure to consider sufficiently that the virtue and wisdom on which democracy depends do not derive from, and may indeed be endangered by, the dogma of the sovereignty of the people. And so the unfortunate effect is to reinforce democracy's dogmatism. This, however, is not an inevitable consequence of the effort to make democracy more deliberative. It is a consequence of the determination to show that making democracy more deliberative also makes it more democratic.

Gutmann and Thompson themselves argue that deliberative democracy depends upon what they variously refer to as the principles or virtues of "civic integrity" and "civic magnanimity." Civic integrity involves consistent affirmation of one's moral principles, honoring them in practice and embracing all their implications, the uncongenial ones included. Civic magnanimity calls for the readiness to recognize the moral principle underlying one's opponent's argument and the disposition to consider a rival's view with an open mind. But Gutmann and Thompson neither consider how rare these virtues are (even in the universities, the institution in our society especially dedicated to rational argument) nor the implications of their rarity for the organization of democratic politics.

They do acknowledge that the deliberative virtues of civic integrity and civic magnanimity do not arise in citizens naturally, and must be cultivated. For this task, they believe, "the single most important institution outside government is the educational system." Schools must prepare their students for citizenship by going beyond the basics

> to develop their students' capacities to understand different perspectives, communicate their understandings to other people, and engage in the give-and-take of moral argument with a view to making mutually acceptable decisions. These goals, which entail cultivating moral character and intel-

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lectual skills at the same time, are likely to require some significant changes in traditional civics education, which has neglected to teach this kind of moral reasoning about politics.

Significant changes, indeed. Put aside for the moment that the system of public schools is as much an extension of the state as it is "outside government." And leave for another time the wisdom, given the questionable condition of our nation's schools, of assigning to them the formidable task of cultivating moral character. The fundamental question is whether schools, even in the best of circumstances, are "the single most important institution outside government" for the cultivation of the moral virtues on which democracy depends.

The liberal tradition itself gives reasons to believe that they are not. In *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*, John Locke argued that the welfare and the prosperity of the nation depended on parents discharging their duty to educate their children. Education, for Locke, meant primarily education in virtue. And he held that such education was primarily the task of parents not because he had no acquaintance with schools, but because of his understanding of virtue. Virtue, in his view, involves pursuing only those desires that are authorized by reason; it is learned through example, acquired by habit and rooted in a discipline that must begin when a child is very young and continue to the age of maturity.

A similar appreciation of the discipline that underlies the virtues that support self-government led John Stuart Mill to argue that in modern democracies "the real school of the virtues of freedom" must be the family—a family, to be sure, that was "justly constituted," based on the legal equality of men and women. Public life, according to Mill, was an important element of moral education, but in a modern democracy it is not enough: "Citizenship, in free countries, is partly a school of society in equality, but citizenship fills only a small place in modern life, and does not come near the daily habits or inmost sentiments." Neither Locke nor Mill would be much surprised by the recent report, based on a study of 20,000 high-school students in California and Wisconsin, that shows that performance of students in the classroom depends crucially on the involvement of parents with children at home.

Moreover, Gutmann and Thompson pay little attention to the vices that a democracy that dwells upon deliberation is likely to engender. Like all virtues, the virtues that support deliberative democ-

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Should Israel Make Further Concessions to the Palestinians?

As of this writing, the situation in Israel has gravely deteriorated. The Palestinians have exploded into murderous rage, into violence, and into bloodshed. Almost 100 people—Israelis and Palestinians—have been killed. Close to 1,000 have been injured. Can this situation be calmed by Israel's making further concessions to the Palestinians?

What are the facts?

A carefully programmed riot. The pretext that was decided upon by Mr. Arafat to whip his followers into a killing frenzy was the opening of an entrance to an archaeological tunnel that in no way desecrates any Islamic holy places. The pretext of the "offensive entrance" to the tunnel is utter nonsense.

What makes the world's hypocritical indignation to this alleged desecration particularly disgusting is that during the 19 years that the Jordanians occupied East Jerusalem prior to the Six-Day War, they drove all Jews out of their part of the city, destroyed all synagogues and Jewish holy places, and used the headstones of Israeli cemeteries as paving stones and to build military latrines. The world, now so critical of Israel, stood silently by.

"We must hope that Mr. Netanyahu will stand firm against all pressures...that he will not allow the creation of a Palestinian state...nor the division of Jerusalem."

The world has come to expect the "Moslem fanatics" to commit unspeakable crimes and acts of terror. The bloody rioting in Israel under the ridiculous pretext of a tunnel entrance was carefully programmed and orchestrated by Arafat and his cohorts, in an attempt to destabilize the peace process and to press for further concessions by Israel.

No peace by making more "concessions". The previous Israeli government imprudently allowed Yasser Arafat to form a fully armed and equipped "police" force that now numbers 45,000 men. That is without question the highest police-to-population ratio anywhere in the world. But these are not really "police", of course; these are soldiers, trained to attempt the destruction of Israel in the final assault on the Jewish state, a destruction that, so far unsuccessfully, they have unremittingly attempted for almost 50 years.

Those who believe that peace with the Arabs can be obtained by making concessions to them and by giving them more land are dreamers. The vaunted peace with Egypt is a sham. Egypt is armed to the teeth with the most advanced conventional and "unconventional" weaponry and is frantically engaged—just as Syria, Libya, Iraq, and Iran—in the production of atomic weapons, biological weapons, and poison gas. What for? The answer is obvious. It's all for the next assault against Israel that, it is hoped, will finally drive the hated Jews into the sea and make Israel disappear from the face of the earth.

Israel — America's steadfast ally. For Israel to allow itself to be dismembered, allowing the creation of a Palestinian state, and be made helpless and at the mercy of its sworn enemies, would be suicidal folly. A strong Israel is America's most reliable anchor in the Middle East. Iran was America's great ally; it is now our most implacable enemy. Saudi Arabia, the kingpin of our Arab policy, is shaky and could be toppled any day by internal unrest. Turkey, considered the staunch "eastern flank of NATO", has just elected an Islamic fundamentalist government. Israel alone is America's steadfast ally in the entire Middle East. To diminish Israel's strategic potential by attempting to truncate it would be a major policy blunder.

Any pretext, however flimsy, will suffice to provoke Arab/Muslim fury. Without any provocation, the Palestinian police turned its weapons on Israel. There are many minorities in the world, who would be deeply grateful if they were given even half of the autonomy that Israel is granting the Palestinians. But there must be a limit. In the interest of the world, the interest of the United States, and, of course, the existential interest of Israel itself, we must hope that Mr. Netanyahu will stand firm against all pressures: That he will not allow the creation of a Palestinian state in the "West Bank"; that he will not yield the strategic Golan to Syria; and that he will not countenance the division of Jerusalem.

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racy have shadow vices, extremes toward which they are constantly pulled by the very practice of deliberation itself. To get one's point across in the public forum requires the art of rhetoric; but assemblies have a habit of rewarding smooth talkers, and the common desire for recognition in public life routinely induces a preference for victory through clever speech that overwhelms the cooperative search for mutual accommodation and the principled search for truth. To achieve a sympathetic understanding of another's view requires the patience to hear another out, a vigorous imagination and a supple sense of proportion; but the obligation to appreciate another's perspective easily induces a patronizing insistence on shared values, and self-serving claims about the transparency of experience, and a false show of compassion. To hit upon compromises in deliberation, and to honor them afterward, requires self-restraint, toleration and the capacity for long-term thinking; but the devotion to finding a common ground, a middle way, can promote indifference to principle while sheltering the cowardice of those who refuse to stand up for what they believe and the pusillanimity of those who shun worthy ends because of their stern demands.

To go beyond Gutmann and Thompson by taking account of the full range of the virtues of freedom, the variety of sources that sustain them and the vices that deliberation in a democracy engenders, will require the discipline of imagination. As Mill taught, imagination is vital to the liberal spirit. By revealing the heights and the depths of the human heart, the imagination makes possible the knowledge of human nature which, as Mill stressed in his famous tribute to Bentham, is the indispensable beginning and fundamental element of moral and political theory.

In 1950, Lionel Trilling restated Mill's view that the imagination could be a great ally to the liberal spirit, and identified for the imagination a special role in the defense of liberal principles: "It has for some time seemed to me that a criticism which has at heart the interests of liberalism might find its most useful work not in confirming liberalism in its general sense of rightness but rather in putting under some degree of pressure the liberal ideas and assumptions of the present time." This is precisely what Gutmann and Thompson do not do. By sheltering liberal ideas behind the rhetoric of democracy, Gutmann and Thompson deprive them of enlivening exposure to critical examination. At the same time, by proceeding as if the relation between liberalism and democracy were a mutually supportive "marriage of true minds" and not a sometime stormy "marriage of convenience," Gutmann and Thompson aggravate democracy's dogmatism.

Gutmann and Thompson praise their theory as both more idealistic and more realistic than its rivals: "Deliberative democracy is more idealistic than other conceptions because it demands more than democratic politics normally delivers. It is more realistic because it expects less than moral agreement would promise." With respect to its rivals in the field of academic liberalism, their praise is just. For this reason, *Democracy and Disagreement* is an instructive and welcome contribution. Yet Gutmann's and Thompson's conception of deliberative democracy is not nearly idealistic enough, at least for the purpose of understanding liberal democracy in America, since it collapses the virtues of freedom into the virtues of the classroom. In the process it scants too many qualities that are central to democracy's preservation: the ordinary virtues that govern everyday life, the courage to stand alone and apart when one's arguments fall on deaf ears, the resolve to persist in an unpopular but just cause, the self-sacrifice exercised far from the bright lights of the public forum but which is often crucial to sustaining family, friends and fellow citizens in dire straits. And their conception of deliberative democracy is not realistic enough, either. It does not reckon with the forces in a free society that both stir and stupefy the passions of democratic citizens. It is not true that all good things flow from, or are compatible with, the people's rule. The liberal imagination can come to democracy's defense by reminding democrats of what rests below and what rises above the art of moral reasoning and the practice of public deliberation.

PETER BERKOWITZ teaches government at Harvard. His book *Virtue and the Making of Modern Liberalism* is forthcoming from Princeton University Press.

Rara Mavis

BY PEARL K. BELL

The Collected Stories by Mavis Gallant

(Random House, 887 pp., $45)

More than forty years ago, Mavis Gallant, then 27, was working on a Montreal weekly and struggling to write stories which only a close friend or two were permitted to read. Restless and ambitious, she came to a bold decision: she would give herself two years to see whether she could support herself entirely by writing, and if at the end of that time the foolhardy plan had turned to ashes, she would renounce the literary dream altogether—the notebooks, the good and false starts, "every scrap, every trace." As she tells us in the preface to this huge assemblage of the stories that she has published with prolific steadiness since the 1950s, "What I was to live on during the two years does not seem to have troubled me. Looking back, I think my entire concentration was fixed on setting off."

Gallant was aching with impatience to get away from "hushed, muffled, disguised" Canada. Fortunately for her, *The New Yorker* accepted one of the three stories that she nervously submitted, and the magazine has continued to be her appreciative lifeline in the four and a half decades that followed. With the $600 that she received for "Madeline's Birthday," Mavis Gallant moved to Paris ("no city in the world drew me as strongly"), where she has lived ever since. All but one of the stories in this new collection, the first published in 1953, the last in 1995, have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

As we learn from the facts that Gallant has revealed mainly in the five autobiographical stories grouped under the fictional name "Linnet Muir," Mavis de Trafford Young was born in 1922, in Montreal, to English-Canadian Protestant parents. (She acquired the French-Acadian surname Gallant in an early and apparently short-lived marriage to a fellow-Canadian "from the West," which is all she chooses to tell us about the husband or the marriage.) "For reasons never made plain," her parents shipped their child off, at the inconceivable age of 4, to board in a convent school in Quebec, where only French was tolerated. Gallant is characteristically restrained about the anguish and the desolation that she must have felt. What she gained from this

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harsh schooling, however, was a flawless command of French, which gave her an enormous advantage over so many other literary dreamers from the New World pursuing the grail of literary glory on the Left Bank. French has been the language of her quotidian life in Paris, but perhaps it was too entwined with childhood pain, for English is the language that has remained the instrument of Gallant's creative sensibility. "English was irremovably entrenched as the language of imagination. Nothing supposed, daydreamed, created, or invented would enter my mind by way of French."

There were further traumas that the young Gallant endured even after the convent years, and they had nothing to do with language. Her father died in his early 30s, but his young daughter was told only that he was in England, and she did not learn of his death until several years later. To compound the scarcely credible callousness of Gallant's upbringing, her decidedly chilly and eccentric mother remarried not long after her husband's death and moved to the United States, leaving her 8-year-old daughter behind with strangers. (We are reminded with a shudder of Kipling's early years, bitterly remembered in his story "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." When he was 6, he was sent away from his beloved birthplace and Amah to England to live for several years with an abusive and stupid woman in Southsea, while his parents remained in Bombay. As Kipling's story makes clear, this was a trauma he never forgave.)

Unsurprisingly, the intense antagonism between a mother and daughter was the bitter essence of Gallant's first novel, *Green Water, Green Sky*, which appeared in 1959. Gallant has always been reticent about her personal history, but we can infer that the theme of that novel was drawn from her troubled adolescence in the United States, where her mother had brought her later on. At 18, Gallant decided to return to Montreal. Why she did so is not made clear in the autobiographical stories, but we learn from one of them, "In Youth Is Pleasure" (1975), that she arrived in Montreal without money or family ties. What she does vividly describe is her feeling of liberation from "the prison of childhood," her exhilarated sense of independence and the loneliness that nourished her determination to be a writer. "Having no one to listen to, I could not have a thought without writing it down." And write it down she did.

In the years between the founding of *The New Yorker* in 1925 and his death in 1951, the authority and the quirky taste of Harold Ross defined the criteria for fiction published in its pages. The "typical" or formulaic short story of the magazine was as unambiguously recognizable as the top-hatted and monocled dandy by Rea Irvin that appeared on the cover of each anniversary issue. At an imperturbable pace, a *New Yorker* story moved from beginning to middle to end, its point as unmistakable as that of a homily, but anointed with the gloss of high sophistication. The characters were cozily familiar, men and women with whom the reader could identify—yes, yes, that's just the way he behaves, that's exactly the way she talks, that's precisely the way it is—without feeling disturbed or forced to exert any great intellectual or moral or imaginative effort.

The prose was bright, stylish, witty, undemanding, but never experimental or formally bizarre, and never, never obscure. Obscurity, for Ross, was the unforgivable sin. He called short stories "casuals," which neatly conveyed the place that short fiction of suave banality occupied in the editor's grand design. In the work of Sally Benson, John O'Hara, Edward Newhouse, John Cheever (early Cheever) and many women with three names, the prescriptive rules were never violated, and the magazine's readers did not have to scratch their heads and wonder what the writer was driving at. It was all as transparent as a freshly washed window pane and as predictable as the setting of the sun.

In the early years of Mavis Gallant's long sojourn in *The New Yorker*, we can feel the influence of the casual formula. In "The Other Paris," written in 1953, she acquiesced to convention by taking on the Jamesian theme of New World innocence stalked by the squalid and unsettling actuality of Europe. A naïve young woman from the Middle West, working for an American government agency in Paris, is shaken when she wanders by chance into a quartier grimly devoid of the postcard grandeur she confused with the real Paris—"Although it was on the Left Bank it was not pretty, not picturesque.... It was simply down-and-out and dirty, and everyone looked ill-tempered." Here Gallant rams the point home too insistently.

But after William Shawn took over, and the magazine became increasingly receptive to varieties of storytelling that Harold Ross would have rejected out of hand, Mavis Gallant began to trust her own strong and original voice and soon discovered her own great theme. It found its most complex form in her work of the '70s and '80s. This theme is the terrible price of displacement and deracination paid by the victims of tyranny

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and war since the 1930s, and especially in the aftermath of 1945, in the "old, unwilling journeys" of refugees dislocated by the cold war.

As we learn from one of her autobiographical stories—called, appropriately, "Varieties of Exile" (1976)—Gallant's creative dedication to the plight of refugees had been kindled in her youth, during the war, while she was still a journalist in Montreal. "I could not get enough of [the refugees]," she writes.

> They came straight out of the twilit Socialist-literary landscape of my reading and my desires. I saw them as prophets of a promised social order that was to consist of justice, equality, art, personal relations, courage, generosity.... That the refugees tended to hate one another seemed no more than a deplorable accident. Nationalist pigheadedness, that chronic, wasting, and apparently incurable disease, was known to me only on Canadian terms, and I did not always recognize its symptoms.

Traveling through the rubble of postwar Germany and France, Gallant came face-to-face with the more virulent forms of "nationalist pigheadedness," and she soon shed the optimistic naïveté that had blurred her vision of refugees in Canada. She could now confront the shocking actuality of a Europe that was as unstable and dangerous as the tectonic plates grinding destruction in an earthquake. In her most powerful stories about the postwar and cold war exiles, she proved herself capable not only of the cold certainties of judgment but, even more important, of grasping the crucial difference between knowledge and pity, especially self-pity. If we also sense the presence at times of an unmeltable sliver of ice in these stories, that, too, seems essential to the truth-telling solidity of her perceptions.

By the late '70s, Gallant had mastered the difficult art of capturing a moment of history in a web of flawlessly observed details. The details in themselves seem sometimes slight, but in the intricate texture of the story they acquire a disturbing resonance and fix an unforgettable image. In one story, set in Paris, a young, newly demobbed soldier notices an exhausted woman crossing the courtyard below his window, and he reflects that "she has wrapped a tatty fur around her neck, like an old Russian countess. Her handbag seems the old displaced-person sort, too—big, and bulging with canceled passports." The story "An Alien Flower" (1972) seems at first like little more than the spiteful, inconsequential babbling of an insensitive German woman about the death of Bibi, her former servant, but gradually it draws us into the tragic fate of that servant, a Silesian refugee who was the sole survivor of her family. "She was alone, swept clean of friends and childhood myths and of childhood itself." Bibi claimed that she had acquired a first-class education in mathematics and physics from distinguished professors who were fellow-prisoners in the camps. But the bitchy narrator cannot refrain from sneering that "in those days [right after the war] so many papers and documents had been burned that people like Bibi could say anything they liked about themselves."

In "Questions and Answers" (1966), a haughty and snobbish fortune-teller explains why she does not want Romanians in her clientele, for they are "notoriously marked by delusions of eminence and persecution." In another story, we are told of a Polish sculptress whose knowledge of Paris, though she has lived there for years, "was only knowledge about bus stops." And in the stories—some biting, some poignant—which deal with the chronic anxiety that afflicts the displaced Poles in Paris, we hear the tired lament: "Every day I wonder what I am doing in Paris. I have no real friends. I have enemies who chalk swastikas on my staircase. I speak seven languages.... Perhaps I should go back to Poland." In the days before the disintegration of the Soviet Union, this was gallows humor.

When Gallant turns her unblinking eye on the literary exiles, the comedy and the pathos of their homesick desolation are conveyed with inescapable power. "Forain" (1991), the best of this group of stories about displaced poets and novelists, demonstrates, with Gallant's cunning subtlety, how little difference the shifts of political power can make to the Eastern and Central European intellectuals banished from their homeland long ago. Even in the 1990s they are unable to sever the ties with a world and language lost in their tattered suitcases of memory years before.

They are now too old, too close to death, to reverse the betrayals and the resignations of the past. At the funeral of the Polish poet Adam Tremski, the dwindling mourners "sat with their shoes in puddles. They kept their gloves on and pulled their knitted scarves tight. Some had spent all these years in France without social security or health insurance, either for want of means or because they had never found their feet in the right sort of employment." What little support they have found in France has come from Blaise Forain, a highly unsuccessful French publisher who specializes in translations of these Central and East European writers, rarely reviewed in the French press. His tiny firm "had not been able to attract the leviathan prophets, the booming novelists, the great mentors and tireless definers." Confined almost entirely to the ruminations of the intrepid Forain, who is perpetually on the brink of bankruptcy, this story sounds a melancholy and sardonic farewell to the dwindling world of exile that has engaged Gallant for so long.

It would be misleading, however, to think of Gallant solely in terms of her obsessive concentration on the perplexities of exile. Looking back to the novella-length "The Remission," which appeared in 1979, we are plunged into a many-layered tale of loss and celebration—of the sunlight and lush natural abundance of southern France, of the importunate magic of love and the ways in which the rituals of mourning can defy the tenacity of grief. A young English family, the Webbs, early in the reign of the second Elizabeth, has migrated to the Riviera to ease the seriously ill father's descent to death. They expect the natives, as Gallant dryly remarks, to be "classless and pagan, poetic and wise, imbued with an instinctive understanding of lightness, darkness, and immortality." Of course nothing, certainly not the fantasy about the natives, brought with them from England, turns out as they expected.

Nor does Gallant's treatment of the family's expatriate neighbors—colonial types who have for years wrapped themselves complacently in the comforting foreignness of France—conform to our preconceptions. The acerbic satirist who, in a less serene context, would show no mercy to snobs clinging to habits fossilized in "the last days of the dissolving Empire" now bestows unusually warm affection on a Blimpish army major. And the potential comedy of the dying father, close to his last breath, who insists on standing respectfully while he watches the coronation on television, is touching, not funny. Even Wilkinson, the bit-player of stage Englishmen in films set on the Riviera, spouting "By Joves"s and "I say"s as he adjusts his monocle, escapes all taint of ridicule.

And when love rears its head, Gallant surprises us. She usually brings to this slippery subject a mocking tone that roils the sentiment in its wake. We are accustomed to Gallant's wonderfully wry put-down of romance. Thus the cynical Parisian art-dealer in "Speck's Idea" (1979), published in the same year as "The Remission," sourly dismisses the sanctity of love: "In his experience, love affairs and marriages perished between seven and eight o'clock, the hour of rain and no

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taxis. All over Paris couples must be parting forever, leaving like debris along the curbs the shreds of canceled restaurant dates, useless ballet tickets, hopeless explanations, and scraps of pride." But such irony is absent from "The Remission" (1979), whose title is double-edged: it refers to the temporary abeyance of the dying father's cancer, and more profoundly to the remission, or forgiveness, of sin—in this case, the sin of survival.

Several years after Gallant published this marvelous story, she turned with her usual dexterity from solemnity to laughter. In a series of linked stories—they make up the final group in the present collection—she took on the hilariously devious Henri Grippes, "Parisian novelist, diarist, essayist, political journalist, and critic." In other words, an industriously clever hack. For years this invincible charlatan had received generous stipends from an American foundation run by a wealthy spinster, who never suspected that the allegedly hard-up *littérateur* owned three apartments in Paris that brought in some very handsome rent. This well-hidden cushion was also unknown to the students who, during the "events" of 1968, thought Grippes "was Herbert Marcuse and tried to carry him on their shoulders to *Le Figaro*'s editorial offices, which they hoped he would set on fire."

By the 1980s his American benefactress has died, and the crafty Grippes is locked in finagling combat with an income-tax bureaucrat appropriately named Poche, who raises embarrassing questions about Grippes's literary income. For one thing, the gimlet-eyed Poche finds it hard to believe that an American translation of a schlocky novel that Grippes wrote about his affair with an American student in California had earned as little as the author claims. To which Grippes retorts that the French critics had also panned the book and ruined its sales because "its sociological context [was] obscure. [The heroine] seemed at a remove from events of her time, unaware of improved literacy figures in North Korea, never once mentioned. . . ." When Grippes loses the skirmish over his novel's royalties, he unblushingly tries another tack. Can't his many cats be considered dependents, and the cost of their food a legitimate deduction? At which point the harried tax inspector gives up. A rich and tantalizing lode of absurdity runs through all the Grippes stories. (Among other things, Gallant slyly and splendidly punctures the left-wing pieties of literary France.) The misadventures of this endearing phony are splendid proof that Gallant in her 70s has not lost her touch.

Since Gallant's forte has been the short story, even when it lengthens to what James called the "blessed nouvelle," she has often been compared, in pedestrian homage, to earlier masters of short fiction such as Chekhov and Katherine Mansfield. She certainly can be as sharp-edged and unsparing as Chekhov, with something of his irrepressible comic vitality; but the distance between the cultures, the eras, the temperaments, is vast, and Chekhov's trapped souls have no discernible resemblance to Gallant's deracinated exiles. Mansfield's stories, by contrast, are often streaked with indulgent sentimentality, for all their stylistic glitter; and so the analogy with Gallant is highly imperfect.

It is more useful to consider Mavis Gallant in the company of some younger short-story writers—Donald Barthelme and Ann Beattie, among others—whose work began to dominate the fiction of *The New Yorker* in the 1960s and 1970s. By then, the glossy epiphanies of the "casual" had long since been consigned to oblivion, and these new storytellers introduced styles and attitudes indebted to a radical cultural and political climate that had never before been welcomed in the magazine. The hermetic, anti-rational highjinks of Barthelme appeared more and more frequently alongside the luxurious advertisements representing an America that he despised. Barthelme's stories offered a relentlessly gleeful send-up of a world that he regarded as a junkheap—one of his favorite images of the way we live now (or lived then) was "the trash phenomenon"—and attacked with flamboyant derision.

It didn't seem to trouble the magazine's editors that Barthelme's hallucinatory vision of the apocalypse to come would engulf *The New Yorker*, too, and the cozy, ironic (and, for its insurgent satirists, abominable) America in which its readers lived. But the radical indictment of "the system" gradually leached away, and the newly modish kind of storytelling, by so-called minimalists, invaded the magazine's fiction pages. The foremost exponent of minimalist randomness was Ann Beattie, who turned her affectless gaze on shabby disaffected relics of the 1960s burn-out, on post-everything dropouts and aging hippies, in short stories littered with brand names and discount tawdriness, told in a voice as flat and dissociated as her characters' egos.

It is against this background—which is also, to a large extent, the background of recent American fiction—that the steadiness and the subtlety of Mavis Gallant looms very large. Gallant has remained a scrupulous observer of the world outside the self, of the harsh actuality of history's real victims, tossed and torn by the hurricane wreckage of war and politics. Over the long span of the stories brought together in this collection, her sober commitment to reality has not wavered.

PEARL K. BELL is a writer who lives in Cambridge.

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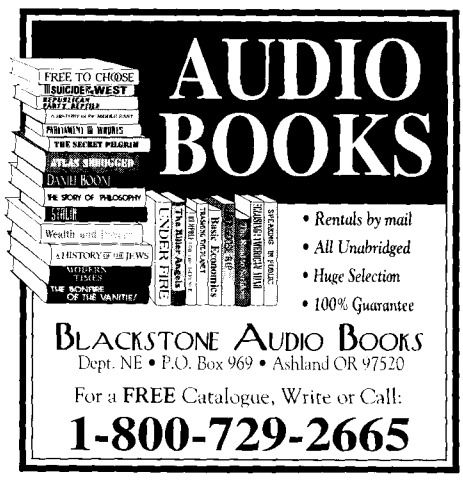
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NAZRAN DIARIST

Bedfellows

THE MOST UNGLAMOROUS PART of war reporting has to do with plumbing. Bombs, mines and shells destroy pipes; water and gas lines always seem to go before electricity. When I arrived not long ago in Ingushetia, a republic that borders on Chechnya (but that unlike Chechnya still has an operating airport), I had not showered or slept in a heated room in a week. So when I found out there would be no flights to Moscow that day, I headed for the Ingush capital of Nazran, celebrated—in Ingushetia, at least—for its hotels and their amenities. There are three hotels in Nazran, which is three more than one would expect in a town as small and as poor as this one.

WHEN INGUSHETIA BECAME ITS own republic in 1991 (it had been a part of the Chechen-Ingush Autonomous Republic, with a capital in Grozny), the local elite apparently felt that what Nazran needed to make it a real capital was a hotel. The Hotel Nazran, a couple of blue-shingled, low wooden cottages, went up right away. But it was too shabby to host the important businessmen and politicians who were expected to flock to the freshly minted republic. So another hotel, The Presidential, soon appeared just up the block. The Presidential looks like a house for the richest man in town—a red-brick, two-story structure behind a tall brick fence. Inside, guests can find a sauna and marble bathrooms but only one real bedroom; I suppose important people are meant to occupy the one double bed while the various members of their entourage nod off on the assorted antique couches scattered in other rooms. During the first weeks of the Chechen war, when Nazran was overrun with journalists from all parts of the world, I staked out a loveseat at The Presidential: I claimed that at 5'3" (barely) I was the only person who could possibly fit on it. But clearly just one VIP at a time could not satisfy Nazran. The third hotel, a four-story building that looks like it could be a motel anywhere in the U.S., went up last year.

THIS TIME, THE NAZRAN WAS OVERbooked by a soccer team. The newest hotel, I figured, was outside my price range. So The Presidential it was. A chambermaid sweeping the sidewalk outside recognized me and chirped, "We've got no one tonight!" I felt like I'd entered a fairy tale. I took a long hot shower (I didn't make it into the sauna because the hotel staff had adapted it for the drying of clothes). I ate a wonderful meal of *manty* (Caucasian ravioli). I chatted with the maids, watched the news on television: a Chechen delegation headed by President Zelimkhan Yandarbiyev had just wrapped up negotiations in Moscow and was headed home. Finally I stretched out on the double bed in the warm master bedroom. Through the lace curtains, I could see the flickering lights of the amusement park that had sprung up since my last trip to Nazran. I loved civilization.

SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A banging noise and high-pitched screaming: "Wake up! Wake up!" Standing a short distance from my bed, ashen-faced with anxiety and looking distinctly hostile, was the formerly friendly chambermaid. On the other side of the bed, turned three quarters away from me, sat Zelimkhan Yandarbiyev, in his camouflage uniform and *papakha*, a tall sheepskin hat. The banging noise I'd heard was him pulling off his boots. I was being told to vacate the VIP bed in favor of a genuine VIP. If I were a real professional, I thought, I would stay in bed and interview him. But there in the master bedroom of The Presidential, I located the limit of my professionalism. It wasn't that I was too sleepy. Shamefully, at that moment I could think of nothing to ask him. Which side of the bed do you prefer? Do you snore? Do you mind if I leave the window open? I stumbled out of bed, grabbed my backpack and tried to make my way down the stairs. I was swimming against the current. The entire Chechen separatist government and a score of bodyguards were heading up the steps.

THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON I probably should have stayed in bed. My girlfriend and I have been talking about having a baby. In fact, we located the perfect sperm donor, but for all the times we tried, it didn't take. Now he is in a different country and we have been pondering other options. What we want is someone dark, handsome and intelligent. Somehow, as a Jew living in this very anti-Semitic country, I feel most strongly not that my child should be Jewish but that he should not be light-haired—should not blend in with the Russian majority. Kate and I have discussed specific people, but there is also a tacit understanding between us that if ever one of us has a chance to try to get pregnant by a passerby who fits our criteria, she should do it.

ZELIMKHAN YANDARBIYEV IS CLEARly intelligent and good with words (he is a poet) but not a genius, which, I figured, was a point in his favor. (I have signed on to the theory that the children of geniuses disappoint; I think people of high but not extraordinary intelligence make the best kids.) He is certainly dark, though he is not very handsome. Movladi Udugov, the Chechen minister of information, is much cuter. Udugov was really dashing in person, in his suit, donned as a concession to Russian protocol. But he did not seem even to notice the disheveled woman in sweatpants and a thermal t-shirt stumbling past him down the stairs. Feeling vaguely glad that I'd showered, I did a quick calculation in my head: no, it wasn't one of my fertile days.

ANYWAY, HAVING A BABY BY SOMEone in the Chechen government would probably have been a terrible idea. Traditional Chechen law holds that a child belongs to the father and his family. With so many men dying in the war, I have seen dozens of women either "stealing" their children and fleeing the republic or despondent at having to leave their children behind when they leave the dead husband's home. I would hate to live with the fear of some armed public official coming to take my baby away.

THIS IS A TRICKY AREA WE HAVE just begun to chart. Kate wrote the book on lesbian motherhood—literally, she is the author of a survey on lesbian mothers in Europe—but somehow none of the options seems quite right. We know women who have had babies by anonymous donors, and by relatives of their lovers (including a green-card husband), which has the advantage of possibly giving some legal rights to the nonbiological mother. One of our friends in Moscow became lovers with a man just to get her two youngest children, and though this man, who is married, spends time with the kids, she has not told him she is a lesbian. At this stage Kate and I both seem to want a father for our child who we know a lot about but who would not be around after conception. Those contradictory criteria exclude friends and anonymous donors—but perhaps not public officials of faraway lands.

MASHA GESSEN

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Building Brains

Over the past several years, the Carnegie Corporation of New York has brought out a series of reports that discuss how we currently educate our children—and how we ought to do it. The latest report, "Years of Promise: A Comprehensive Learning Strategy for America's Children," builds on an earlier report, "Starting Points," in emphasizing the critical importance of the early years in developing children's capacity for learning.

We used to think that people were born with a fixed amount of brain power. Now we know that the right kinds of stimulation in the early years dramatically affect a child's intellectual capacity. "Starting Points" described studies that led scientists to conclude that young children have intellectual potential they will lose unless they use it. And in his new book, *The Schools We Need* (Doubleday, 1996), E.D. Hirsch, Jr., connects neuroscientists' discoveries about the way the human brain develops in early childhood with the importance of excellent preschools: "Children's brains can make far more synaptic connections than can adults'. Shortly after birth, the brain makes connections at an incredible pace. As puberty approaches, the number tapers off." One researcher compares the process of development to the work of a sculptor: "We chisel our brain from the larger stone, so to speak." And as Hirsch observes, the "greatest chiseling" takes place in the early years.

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What do these insights about the brain's development mean in terms of what a preschool program should be like? According to "Years of Promise," children should be laying the foundation for the kinds of things they will be expected to learn when they enter school: "These include the comprehension and use of new words; a basic understanding of the relationship of print to spoken language; the understanding of numerical concepts; [and] the ability to draw representative symbols and pictures...." Hirsch goes further. Citing the example of the French preschools, the *écoles maternelles*, he asserts that children can learn content in preschool and should be encouraged by the school program to do that.

But as "Years of Promise" points out, many of our preschools have no academic program at all. They are staffed by temporary employees with no professional training. And of course most preschools have a high turnover rate. These limitations explain why Head Start programs did so little good in the long run. The lack of academic focus in most preschool programs is partly a matter of money. "Years of Promise" estimates that even a college-trained preschool teacher starts at about $5,000 a year less than an elementary school teacher. Preschool teachers must be willing to subsidize their students' education by accepting poor pay, and trained professionals are, understandably, often unwilling to do that. However, there are also philosophical reasons for the weak academic content of most U.S. preschools, as Hirsch points out in *The Schools We Need.*

Many who run preschools would not favor introducing academic content even if they could hire top-notch teachers. In this, they follow progressive educators who believe that it is wrong to push children. As Hirsch reminds us, progressives say that children should be allowed to learn "naturally," and if they are not ready to learn—why, let them play. This, Hirsch says, is ideology rather than psychology. There are no developmental reasons why children should not be encouraged to learn content when they are in preschool. Quite the contrary, according to a Yale neurobiologist whom Hirsch quotes: "It's crazy....Americans think kids should not be asked to do difficult things with their brains while they are young. 'Let them play; they'll study at the university.' The problem is, if you don't train them early, it's much harder." Use it or lose it.

The implications of this casual attitude towards childhood learning are much more serious for poor, minority children than for youngsters who come from middle-class homes where their parents can afford to offer them all kinds of stimulation. Being baby-sat does not help poor, minority children who need to catch up so they can start school ready to learn. On the other hand, Hirsch cites studies showing that French preschools, with their strong academic content, are successful in reducing the achievement gap between advantaged and disadvantaged children.

There is no question that early learning is important for children's intellectual development. The question is, are Americans serious about providing it? Working mothers want their children to be looked after in safe and pleasant places. But American taxpayers are not convinced that most of these places are educational. When they hear about using public funds to pay for preschools, they think they are being asked to subsidize babysitting. If we are convinced that preschools are important for the development of young children—and I think they are—we need to begin by rethinking our ideas about preschool education. Then maybe we can convince the public.

To order "Years of Promise," send $10 to Carnegie Corp. of N.Y., P.O. Box 753, Waldorf, MD 20604; tel. 301-645-2742.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

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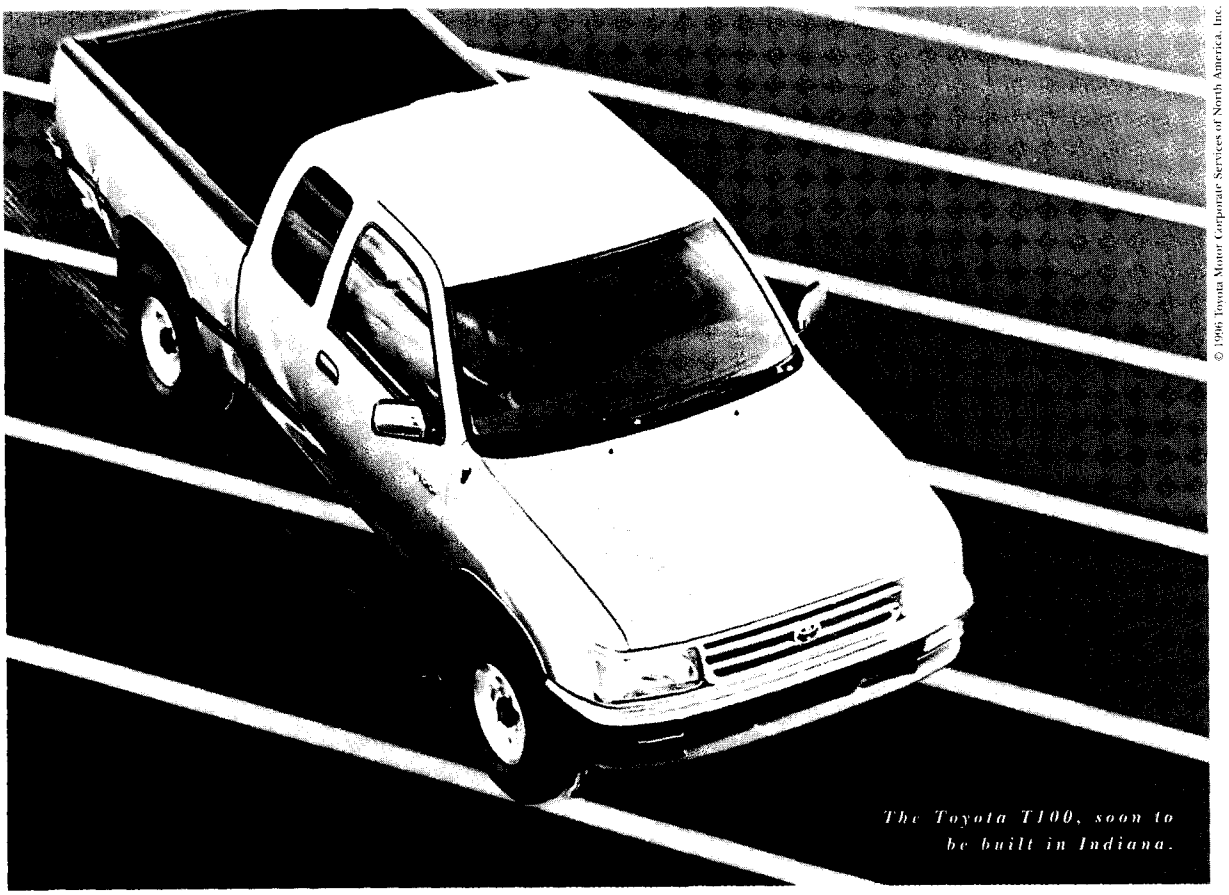

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